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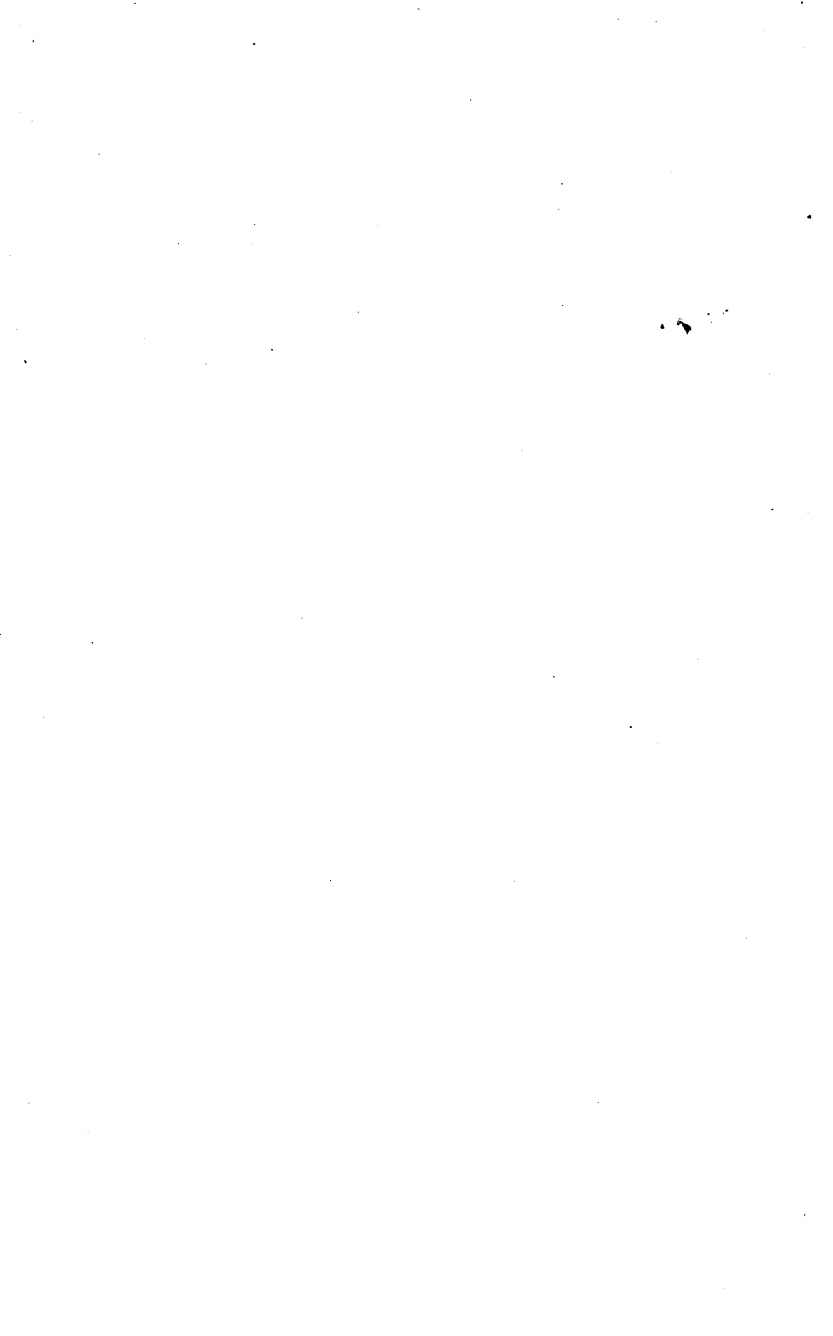
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Thoughts for the King's Children CHICAGO LIBRARY

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PREFACE

No greater work is done than the religious training of children.

The Sunday morning service affords an excellent opportunity, provided the children are there, to do this work.

The writer for ten years has succeeded in having the children attend this service by no other inducement than a short talk to them in such a way as to hold their attention.

Children are most easily instructed by object lessons. Thus they see with their eyes, feel with their hearts, as well as hear with their ears.

Hence the purpose of illustration. Here are fifty-two short talks to children on scriptural texts, which we trust may be of service to others, having been such to us.

The reader will observe that many of the texts are used in an accommodated sense, permissible here if anywhere. All workers among children, leaders in young people's societies, and Sabbath school teachers, will find this volume at least suggestive.

THE AUTHOR.

Philadelphia, Pennsylvania,

August 30, 1905.

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THOUGHTS FOR THE KING'S CHILDREN

THE BIBLE

Search the scriptures.—John 5. 39.

THE Bible is the most remarkable book ever printed and the first to be printed. It is composed of sixty-six separate books, written by about thirty-eight different persons, the first and last living quite fifteen hundred years apart. It has been translated in at least four hundred and fifty different languages.

In the world there are three hundred and fifty million copies of the Scriptures. The annual output of Bible societies alone amounts to ten million copies, or fifteen every minute.

A century ago one fifth of the people read the Bible; now, nine tenths read it. Do you read it? Have you a Bible? Have your own, have it handy, know it! The most interesting Bible is your own, provided you read it. "Search the scriptures."

Little Mary wanted to learn her Sunday

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school lesson. It was Saturday afternoon, and the time was passing; but she had been busy with her doll's dress, and the lesson was yet unlearned. At length her older sister took a Bible from the bureau, and said:

"Come, Mary, I will help you to learn your lesson, and you can go back to your play."

Mary came to her sister's side ready to begin her lesson, when she suddenly began:

"Sister, let us study it out of grandpa's Bible."

"But what difference can it make?"

"Why, grandpa's Bible is so much more interesting than yours."

"O no, Mary, they are just the same, exactly."

"Well," replied the observing child, "I really think grandpa's must be more interesting than yours; he reads it so much more."

If we will search the Scriptures we will find our picture, or learn what we are.

In a box of articles sent to an African mission station were a number of small hand mirrors. These took the people's fancy, and their fame was carried far beyond the station. The knowledge of this wonderful thing came to a princess of a distant tribe. She had never beheld her dusky countenance except in a placid

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lake, and she longed to behold all her charms, for, being a princess, she was told by everybody that she was most beautiful, whereas she was one of the plainest women in the whole tribe. She sent for one of these mirrors, and when she got possession of it she took herself off to her own place, that she might have a good long look at her beauty. When she beheld herself as she was, she was so disgusted with her plainness that with one blow of her royal hand she dashed the glass to pieces. She ordered the missionaries off her territory, and published an edict forbidding looking-glasses being brought into the country.

In the Bible we find also the pictures of many people of the long-ago past. Good people and bad people; kings and queens; those in high life and those in humble life; people of good deeds and others of evil deeds. The most perfect and most beautiful is that of Christ.

Says Elizabeth Stuart Phelps: "The Bible is the frame of which he is the picture." What the setting of a diamond pin would be with the gem lost out, such would be the Bible without Christ. What a baby's clothes would be when the baby had slipped out of them into the grave, such would be the Bible without the Babe of Bethlehem.

A GOOD LAMP

Thy word is a lamp unto my feet, and a light unto my path.—Psa. 119. 105.

Boys and girls, our sermon to-day is based upon a verse in the longest psalm. This psalm has twenty-six parts and one hundred and seventy-six verses. Every verse but four contains a reference to God's Word.

1. What is a good lamp? Is it the one made of the most precious metal, beautifully ornamented? You answer, "No! A good lamp is one that gives a good light."

A good lamp is bright, and to be such it must be: (1) Clean, (2) polished, (3) trimmed, (4) filled with oil, (5) burning.

2. A good lamp is useful as a (1) chart, (2) guide.

3. This book (holding up a Bible) is such a lamp. It is the best lamp. Why? (1) Because it is God-made; (2) because it is the brightest; (3) because it has long been shining; (4) because it shines great distances; (5) because it has never gone out.

We need such a lamp to enable our feet to find "the path of the just, that shineth more and more to the perfect day" (Prov. 4. 18).

MYSELF

What is that to thee? follow thou me.—John 21. 22.

Every one of us shall give account of himself to God.—Rom. 14. 12.

THIS morning, children, we will not talk about our neighbor, friend, or cousin; we will talk about myself. There are some things that Mary Jones does that you and I would not do for anything, would we? But our first text this morning has something to say that touches this point. Listen: "What is that to thee?" In other words, this text tells us *to mind our own business*. No matter what Mary does or does not do, we must do right and follow Jesus. Am I good, obedient, kind? Whether the other boy or girl is, I must be.

Now the second text. Mary Jones, this text says, must give an account of herself to God. Of course, I could tell on her; I could give the whole account of the way she behaves at school, how she cheats in the games. I saw her copying from Alice Brown's slate; and she was talking when she said she wasn't. Yes; "but what is that to thee?" "Every one of us shall give account of himself to God."

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It's myself about whom I must be anxious. It's myself that I must watch. Maybe if I do that I will be so busy I'll not have time to watch anybody else.

The needle and pin in the workbasket, being idle, began to quarrel, just as idle children are apt to do. The pin said, "I should like to know what you are good for, and how you expect to get through the world without a head?" "What is the use of your head if you have no eye?" said the needle. And so they kept it up. "I'll pull your head off if you insult me again." "I'll pull your eye out if you touch me." Then a little girl came in and threaded the needle to sew. Soon the needle broke just at the eye, and she threw it down in the dust at her feet. Then she tied the thread about the head of the pin and tried to sew, but soon the pin lost its head and was thrown in the dust also by the side of the eyeless needle. Then they made up and said to each other, "Hereafter we will mind our own business."

TELLING THE TRUTH

I have chosen the way of truth.—Psa. 119. 30.

TRUTH and falsehood are bad friends. Truth is a necessity. Falsehood is never a necessity. Truth is rewarded, falsehood is punished.

The Persians and Indians had a law that if anyone was three times convicted of telling an untruth he should never be allowed to speak another word as long as he lived, upon penalty of death.

But we can tell an untruth in more ways than one:

1. Our eyes tell stories. We may look as though we were innocent and yet be really guilty.

2. Our hands can tell stories. There is a story of a boy who, just for fun, pointed down the wrong road when asked which way the doctor had just driven. He sent the messenger the wrong way, and consequently the doctor did not come in time to save the life of a little child who was choking to death.

3. Only the truth is safe. An untruth will very soon be found out and get us into trouble. A girl went into the house where a friend lived

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just for a moment to get a book she had left there. Her mother had told her not to go out of the yard. That same evening it was discovered that in the same house where she had gone for the book there was a case of smallpox, and the girl had been in the very room where the sick person was. The girl was frightened and afraid to tell anyone, so she answered, "No," when asked if she had been over to this neighbor's house. After a few days this girl, both her brothers, and her mother were taken ill, and the whole family passed through a terrible trouble, one of the number dying from the smallpox. Now if that little girl had told the truth, the family might have been spared this dreadful experience.

Choose the way of truth, for "her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace" (Prov. 3. 17).

"Yes, mother, I will, honor bright! Did you ever know me to break my promise?"

"No, my son, I never did. And Mrs. Dunning stroked the soft brown curls lovingly as she looked down into honest eyes that never, in all Harry Dunning's fifteen years, had failed to look straightforwardly back into hers.

"Well, mother, you never will. I'll be home

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by ten, sure. Now, I'm off." And Harry sprang down the steps, and was away like an arrow.

His chum, Arthur Mayhew, had invited him to a birthday party; and Arthur's invitations were always accepted by his boy and girl friends, for Mr. and Mrs. Mayhew, and grown-up sister Nell, had to perfection the knack of making a good time for young folks.

No wonder that Harry could not believe his own eyes when, in the height of the fun, he looked up and saw the hands of the clock pointing to a quarter of ten. No one looked as though even thinking of going home. But Harry's "honor bright" promise rang in his ears. Nobody guessed the struggle that was going on in the boy's heart as he mechanically performed his part in the merry game. "Why can't I stay until the rest go? Don't I work hard enough? And I haven't had an evening out for weeks."

"It isn't late," he thought, irritably. "Mother's only nervous." Then his cheeks reddened, and he straightened up quickly.

"Who had a better right to be nervous?" he thought, fiercely, as though fighting an invisible foe. His sweet, invalid mother! And he knew little May was not well. She had been

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fretful all day. And he had promised. Abruptly he excused himself, bade hasty good nights, and sped away across the fields, putting on his reefer as he ran. His mother met him at the door.

"May is worse," she whispered, huskily. "It's croup. Run for the doctor—quick!"

And Harry ran—ran as he never dreamed he could. The old doctor, electrified by the boy's breathless energy, harnessed old Jim, with Harry's help, in an incredibly brief time, and drove off down the hill at a pace that brought nightcapped heads from darkened windows, and caused many a conjecture as to who was sick down in the "holler."

The keen-eyed old man looked very serious as he bent over May. But he was a skilled physician, and before long the little girl was breathing easily again.

"But let me tell you," he said, impressively, "ten minutes later it wouldn't have been very much use to call me or anyone else."

Harry listened silently, but when they were once more alone he drew his mother down by his side on the shabby little sofa and told her of the resisted temptation.

"And O, mother," he concluded, "I'm so glad I kept my promise, 'honor bright!' I feel

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as though I just escaped from being a murderer."

"I have perfect confidence in my brave, true laddie," said the happy mother, stroking the bonnie head on her shoulder.

PENNIES

And he saw also a certain poor widow casting in thither two mites.—Luke 21. 2.

CHILDREN, the story of the Widow's Mite is going to live forever, because it carries with it such a good lesson. Thus you hear so many people refer to it. Jesus is seated near the treasury, or money box, of the synagogue and sees people put in their collection, or offering. The rich come and cast in much. A widow comes along and puts in two mites, which make a farthing, and in our money one fourth of a penny.

Now Jesus, who sees and knows all things, knew that the widow really gave more than the rich, because the former gave all she had, while the latter only gave a part.

Did you know that all the pennies coined in this country are minted in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, by law? The pennies we use are not composed entirely of copper, the alloy being ninety-five per cent copper, two per cent tin, and three per cent zinc.

Aside from the different kinds of metal used in the making of our pennies, we are to learn that there are very many different kinds of

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pennies in other respects. For instance, there are honest and dishonest ones; pennies earned and pennies stolen; there are squandered and saved pennies; pennies for the poor and pennies for the church. When we give these pennies we must give them willingly—that is, be glad to give them for the good they will do. Sometimes we keep so much for ourselves and give so very little to the Lord. A lady wore a beautiful silk dress, a costly fur coat, diamonds in her ears and on her fingers. She actually put a whole penny in the missionary collection and looked pious.

It is not so much what we give as how we give. A boy who had quite a lot of pennies dropped one into the missionary box, laughing as he did so. He thought little of the heathen whom he was supposed to aid. We call his penny tin.

Another boy dropped in a penny and looked around to see if people were looking. His was a brass penny. He had no heart in the gift, but was of a proud spirit.

Still another gave, saying to himself, "I suppose I must, because others do." Here we have a cold, selfish heart and an iron penny.

The fourth boy put his penny in the box and had a tear in his eye. His face seemed to say,

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"I'm so sorry for the poor, ignorant heathen." His was surely a silver penny, and given with a heart full of pity.

There was yet another one who gave, and as he gave he said to himself, "For thy sake, dear Lord, and may the heathen hear of thee, the Saviour of all mankind." He gave a golden penny, because it was the gift of faith and love.

Let us learn that the one penny of many which we may have or the only one we have must be given in such a spirit as the occasion requires; then is it acceptable to God. Many give to God's cause through sacrifice. These are the biggest pennies known in the world; these are like unto those given by the widow in our text.

PAYING THE PRICE

So he paid the fare thereof.—Jonah 1. 3.

JONAH is trying to flee from the Lord and disobey his command. God told him to go to Nineveh. But he went down to Joppa, and, finding a ship going to Tarshish, he paid the fare thereof and went down into it.

It always pays to go God's way. It's the cheapest way. Any other is a dear way. If we go the way of sin, we must pay the price. All sin comes high.

Watch that boy who takes his first chew of tobacco or his first smoke. See if he does not pay the price.

That man who holds to his cups pays a fearful price. He helped pay the \$1,277,727,190 liquor bill of the United States for the year 1904.

The way of the transgressor has always been and always will be hard. Hard to-day, harder to-morrow. Peter denied Christ and paid the price in remorse. Judas betrayed Christ and paid the price by self-destruction.

The letter which Benjamin Franklin wrote his nephew illustrates the idea. Here is the letter he wrote:

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"When I was a child, at seven years old, my friends on a holiday filled my pockets with coppers. I went directly to a shop where they sold toys for children; and, being charmed by the sound of a whistle that I met by the way in the hands of another boy, I voluntarily offered him all my money for one.

"I then came home and went whistling all over the house, much pleased with my whistle, but disturbing all the family. My brothers and sisters and cousins, understanding the bargain I had made, told me I had given four times as much for it as it was worth. This put me in mind what good things I might have bought with the rest of the money; and they laughed at me so much for my folly that I cried with vexation, and the reflection gave me more chagrin than the whistle gave me pleasure.

"This, however, was afterward of use to me, the impression continuing on my mind, so that often, when I was tempted to buy some unnecessary thing, I said to myself, 'Don't give too much for the whistle,' and so I saved my money. As I grew up, came in contact with the world, and observed the actions of men, I met with many who gave too much for the whistle.

"When I saw anyone too ambitious of court

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favours, sacrificing his time in attendance on levees, his repose, his liberty, his virtue, and perhaps his friends to attain it, I have said to myself, 'This man gives too much for his whistle.'

"When I saw another, fond of popularity, constantly employing himself in political bustles, neglecting his own affairs, and ruining them by that neglect, 'He pays, indeed,' say I, 'too much for his whistle.'

"If I knew a miser who gave up every kind of comfortable living, all the pleasure of doing good to others, all the esteem of his fellow citizens, and the joys of benevolent friendship for the sake of accumulating wealth, 'Poor man,' say I, 'you do indeed pay too much for your whistle.'

"If I see one fond of fine clothes, fine furniture, fine equipage—all above his fortune—for which he contracts debts and ends his career in prison, 'Alas!' say I, 'he has paid dear, very dear, for his whistle.'

"In short, I conceived that a great part of the miseries of mankind were brought upon them by the false estimate they had made of the value of things and by their giving too much for their whistles."

CHILDREN'S PRAYERS

Lord, teach us to pray.—Luke 11. 1.

WE have in our text a big but a short prayer. "Do you suppose," said Johnny, as his little cousin laid away her largest, rosiest apple for a sick girl, "that God cares about such little things as we do? He is too busy taking care of the big folks to notice us much." Winnie shook her head and pointed to mamma, who had just lifted the baby from the crib. "Do you think," said Winnie, "that mamma is so busy with the big folks that she forgets the little ones? She thinks of the baby first, 'cause he's the littlest, and 'cause he's helpless. Surely God knows how to love as well as mother."

Mothers do lots of things which other people do not have time or the will to do. Surely God will not do less. Mothers have time to listen to what children have to say. So does God. Does God answer children's prayers? Why, of course!

Little Guy's father went to the Klondike, and news came that he was very sick. So every night Guy used to pray very earnestly that God would bless his papa and bring him safely home.

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At last his prayer was answered, and Mr. Hoffman arrived safely, with much improved health. Then Guy ceased to pray any more.

One day his grandmamma asked him why he had stopped praying.

"Why, I don't have to pray any more," he answered, simply; "papa's got well and come home. I don't need to pray now."

Children, like grown-ups, are nearest God when they pray. They do not see him, but they do feel him present. A mother who had returned from a trip among the mountains writes:

"My little six-year-old daughter, to whom I had written about our journey through the mountains, said to me, 'Mamma, were you *really* up on top of the clouds?' 'Yes, dear.' Then with such a reverent, earnest face, she asked, 'Did you see God?' 'No, darling, I didn't *see* him, but I felt very near him.' Wistfully, 'O, I wish I'd been there. Maybe I'd got a little peek at him.'"

Good children find God much nearer than are the clouds.

We must begin and end the day with prayer. You know there are good and bad habits, and the best of habits is the habit of prayer. It helps in life, it cheers in death.

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The sick room was very still, the night lamp burned low, and the watchers made fantastic shadows on the wall; but no one moved or spoke. The doctor said this was the turning point of the disease, and there was nothing to do but to wait—wait.

The boy slept, and his father kept his eyes fixed upon the thin, wasted features, and watched for what he hoped would prove a new lease of life. The mother had gone to lie down and rest. The nurse sat near and dozed. At last the sick child suddenly opened his large, bright eyes, and said, in a clear voice:

“Papa.”

“What, dear boy!” answered the father, softly.

“Is it near morning?”

“Yes, dear boy!”

“And will I be well in the morning?”

“I—I hope so,” sobbed the poor father, faintly.

There was a long silence, then the sick child moved restlessly on the pillows. “I want to say my prayers,” he murmured.

The father beckoned to the nurse, and she brought the mother, who stole softly in and knelt on the other side of the bed.

“Lift me up,” said the dying child, in a full,

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clear voice; "hold me, papa, while I say my prayers."

He clasped his little hands together and repeated, like one who was dreaming: "'Our—Father—which art in heaven—hallowed—be—thy—name—thy kingdom—come—thy kingdom—come—' Papa, I can't remember! I can't remember!"

"No matter, dear boy, you can finish it in the morning."

Again he lay among the pillows like a pale lily, and his eyes were opened wide. "I can't see you, papa," he murmured. "Will it soon be morning?"

"Yes, dear boy."

"And will I be well then?"

The poor father could not answer. No one spoke, and a faint light soon stole into the room that drowned the flickering rays of the night lamp and shone rosy on the wall. Then suddenly a little voice filled the room. It was so sweet and clear that it sounded like a strain of music from celestial spheres. It was the dying boy finishing his prayer. When he came to the last clause he seemed groping in doubt.

"'Forever and ever'"—and with the words on his lips he drifted off to sleep again.

The rising sun shone into the room and

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lighted up the dim obscurity. It lay in golden bars on the white pillows, and touched the little face with a mocking glow of health and strength. Perhaps it wakened him, but in the valley of the shadow of death he could not discern, and with wide-open eyes that saw not he murmured, plaintively, "Is it nearly morning, papa?"

"It is morning now, dear boy."

A smile trembled on the closed lips—there was a flutter of breath that came and went as the child clasped his thin hands together: "Forever and ever—Amen!"

Before closing I must tell you of the biggest prayer ever offered by a boy:

A missionary lady had a little Hindu orphan named Shadi living with her. She had taught him about Jesus, and one night, when he was six years old, she said to him, "Now, pray a little prayer of your own." And what do you think Shadi's prayer was? It was a good prayer for any little child to make, for it was this: "Dear Jesus, make me like what you were when you were six years old."

BURDENS

Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.—Matt. 11. 28.

WHAT'S a burden? Care, worry, sorrow, etc. We live in a world where are found many burdens. The young have them; the old have grown older because of them. A burden a day is all one can carry. But some good people try to carry yesterday's, to-day's, and to-morrow's burdens all at once. Thus we are many times self-burdened.

An incident related by Rev. Mark Guy Pearse illustrates the feeling common among Christians of struggling under their burdens, instead of taking them to Christ, who has promised to bear them if they will hand them over to him. He says:

"One very hot summer's day I was driving along a dusty road, when I overtook a woman with a heavy basket on her arm. I did not want to feel like the priest in the story that Jesus told, who 'passed by on the other side,' so I offered her a ride. She gladly accepted it, but as she rode still carried the heavy basket on her arm. 'My good woman,' I said, as kindly as I could, 'do not carry that basket;

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put it down on the bottom of the trap.' 'O,' she said, 'that would be imposing on your kindness to have you carry the basket as well as me.' 'But,' I said, 'that would not make the load any heavier, and your basket would ride just as well in the bottom of the trap, and you would be much more comfortable.' 'Ah, so it would, sir, thank you; I never thought of that,' she said, as she put her burden down. 'That is very much like I often do,' I remarked after a little while. 'Like you do, sir?' and the woman looked up inquiringly. 'Yes; I, too, often carry heavy burdens when there is no need for it.' She waited for my explanation. 'The Lord Jesus has taken me up into his chariot, and I rejoice to ride in it, but very often I carry a great burden of care on my back that would ride just as well if I put it down, for the Lord would carry me and my cares too.' 'Yes, bless the Lord!' said she, with a joy that told that she had found the cure for care. 'It is true, sir, when he takes us up in his chariot, he takes cares and all.' Here is a cure for your cares, for all the little daily worries and the burdens of anxiety that oppress you."

Why carry our burdens so long, when Christ is so willing to carry them for us?

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We are burden makers as well as burden bearers. And half of these burdens are unnecessary.

A lady who had passed through much trouble was in the habit of singing often to herself the beautiful hymn, "Go Bury Thy Sorrow." One day, as she was singing,

Go bury thy sorrow,
Let others be blessed;
Go, give them the sunshine,
Tell Jesus the rest,

her little daughter, who was playing about the room, looked up suddenly and saw tears rolling down her mother's cheeks, even while the sweet words were upon her lips.

"Mamma," the child said, "are you digging it up again?"

The mother felt reproved. Her sorrow was *not* buried. Day after day she was carrying about an aching heart, and not looking to Jesus for comfort.

Then there are imaginary as well as real burdens. The imaginary burdens are the heaviest, and we have no one to help us carry them. Prayer lifts every real burden at the close of the day. Some one wrote this beautiful parable on the subject:

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The camel, at the close of day,
Kneels down upon the sandy plain,
To have his burden lifted off,
And rest to gain.

My soul, thou, too, shouldst to thy knees
When daylight draweth to a close,
And let thy Master lift thy load,
And grant repose.

Else how couldst thou to-morrow meet,
With all to-morrow's work to do,
If thou thy burden all the night
Dost carry through?

The camel kneels at break of day
To have his guide replace his load,
Then rises up anew to take
The desert road.

So thou shouldst kneel at morning's dawn,
That God may give thee daily care;
Assured that he no load too great
Will make thee bear.

SACRIFICE

With such sacrifices God is well pleased.—Heb. 13. 16.

IN this text Paul is commending the doing good to others; the giving of alms and such like as sacrifice with which God is well pleased.

What is sacrifice? The giving to another when it means going without ourselves; the surrender of that which has cost something; the giving up of that which will mean self-denial.

"O, how cold!" escaped my lips as I stumbled through the door of a miserable attic tenement, says a writer in the Watchman.

The mother was out, but her twelve-year-old boy was mounted guard over the other children, as they played about the poorly furnished room. I shivered as the wind whistled through the broken window panes, causing me to pull my overcoat over my ears. The boy was in his shirt sleeves, but I refrained from asking questions as to the whereabouts of his coat, in case its absence might have been the means of providing a crust of bread for the fatherless family.

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"Are you not cold, my boy?" I asked. "No," said he, "not very." Yet I noticed how his pretty, pearly teeth chattered. I waited a while, and spoke to him; then I took a look into the cradle, where, sleeping quietly and comfortably, the baby lay covered with the boy's coat. Talk about the bravery of men who face cannon; in the heat of passion they will do anything. But here was a hero, on a bitter cold day, in his shirt sleeves because he wanted to shield his little brother from the biting effect of a cold February wind.

Men say the age of heroism is past. It is false!

Such is genuine sacrifice. With such a sacrifice God is well pleased.

How many are helped by one's sacrifice no one can tell. Like influence, the result of sacrifice is far-reaching.

Major Elijah W. Halford, of the United States army, relates the following incident:

"On returning from Manila, I presented the demands of the Philippine situation to a congregation in Trinity Church, Denver, on Easter Sunday, 1903. After the service, while sitting in the Sunday school room, a little girl, eight or nine years of age, came, half breathless, and poured into my hand twenty-six cents,

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mostly in copper coins, saying: 'After hearing your talk I thought I ought to give something for the poor people out there, and so I ran home and emptied my savings bank, and brought the money.' The weather was cold and the snow was several inches deep on the ground; but the little one had run home and back again to get her precious pennies, to offer them for those whom she had been taught to love. Upon inquiry, it was found that the girl was a member of a family in very moderate circumstances, the father at the time being out of employment. Those twenty-six cents represented the personal earnings and savings of the girl.

Who knows but that this sacrifice on the part of a little girl will inspire some of larger means until the twenty-six cents shall grow into twenty-six thousand dollars for the Philippine work?

Again, sacrifice implies the willingness to suffer for others. A rough teacher in a school called up a poor, half-starved lad who had offended against the laws of the school, and said: "Take off your coat directly, sir." The boy refused to take it off, whereupon the teacher said again, "Take off your coat, sir," as he swung the whip through the air. The

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boy refused. It was not because he was afraid of the lash—he was used to that at home—but it was from shame—he had no undergarment; and as at the third command he pulled slowly off his coat there went a sob through the school. They saw then why he did not want to remove his coat, and they saw the shoulder blades had almost cut through the skin, and a stout, healthy boy rose up and went to the teacher of the school, and said: “O, sir, please don’t hurt this poor fellow; whip me; see, he’s nothing but a poor chap; don’t hurt him, he’s poor; whip me.” “Well,” said the teacher, “it’s going to be a severe whipping; I am willing to take you as a substitute.” “Well,” said the boy, “I don’t care; you whip me, if you will let this poor fellow go.” The stout, healthy boy took the scourging without an outcry. “Bravo!” says every man—“Bravo!” How many of us are willing to take the scourging, and the suffering, and the toil, and the anxiety for other people?

With such a sacrifice God is well pleased.

CONTENTMENT

Be content with such things as ye have.—Heb. 13. 5.

THE world is full of discontented people. Are you one of them? Boys and girls, little and big, old and young, wish themselves different. They wish they were other people. They wish they lived somewhere else. If we are all we are able to be and doing all we can do, then we are doing and being as much as anyone has ever done or will do.

I heard that one morning, before the family came down to breakfast, the Pepper and Salt Boxes, that stood close together, had a conversation.

"I wish," said the Pepper Box, "that I had more of a chance, but the holes are so small that very little pepper can get through."

"Well," said the Salt Box, "I have often wished that the holes in my head were smaller, for the salt goes fast."

A boy, passing, heard the conversation, and put salt in the Pepper Box and pepper in the Salt Box. The family soon came down and found, on using the boxes, that their breakfast was spoiled and had to be thrown out. After breakfast the boxes were agreed that it was better to be contented with their own heads and stick to their own work.

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Did you ever hear of a violet and an oak talking? I mean to tell you about such. A violet that grew in modest beauty at the turfy foot of an oak taught the lesson of contentment.

One day said the oak, "Are you not ashamed to be so small and be content to live down there in my shadow in obscurity? Look how big and great I am!"

"No," said the violet, "we are both where God placed us. He gave you strength, to me sweetness; and I give out fragrance, which is all I have."

"Sweetness is all gone in a day," said the oak, "and you will soon die and be forgotten." After a moment's silence the oak continued: "I have stood for years, and will stand for years to come. Then with my trunk they will make houses or ships or some other big thing. So what is your lot to mine?"

Cheerfully the violet breathed back: "But we are both what God made us. You fill your mission and I'll fill mine. Remember, more is expected of you. You have more to do, because you are able to do more. I have lived fragrantly and hope to die fragrantly."

So we must be content with what we are if we cannot be any more or better.

MIND YOUR OWN BUSINESS

Lord, and what shall this man do? Jesus saith unto him, What is that to thee? follow thou me.—John 21. 21, 22.

IT was Peter who asked the question forming our text. Christ had indicated to him by what death he should glorify God. Peter's eyes were fixed on John. Maybe he wondered by what death John should die. In Peter's mind he doubtless was making comparisons.

Here is a study in individuality. Was this question concerning John a jealous, -envious one? Did Peter mean to ask, "Is John always to have the easy place and I the hard one? Is John to escape the struggle, hardship, and martyrdom which I am to endure?"

May we learn that we do not have time to mind other people's business. If we attend to our own we will be busy every hour of the day. In looking into other people's affairs we make them unhappy as well as ourselves. In minding other people's business we are likely to see only their faults. Upon this subject a minister relates the following:

On going to one of my charges I was told that a certain farmer belonging to the church

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was greatly addicted to fault-finding, and that when I visited him he would be sure to serve me up the foibles of all his brethren. I had not been there long until he invited me to come out to his farm and take dinner with him. As had been foretold, he then brought out with great apparent relish the faults of all the membership. "So and So was all right, but, unfortunately, he was so and so;" and thus he gave a stab in the back to each of the members as they passed in review before him.

I heard him without comment or attempting any defense or bringing any railing accusation against him as an "accuser of the brethren;" but I watched my time before leaving him to lodge my impression with him in an inoffensive way, which might yet do its work.

He had a large apple orchard, loaded with choice, ripe fruit. Just before starting for home he gave me a basket, and said, "Brother Fee, go into the orchard and fill your basket of apples to take home with you."

Accepting the basket, I went to the orchard and filled it with specked and half-rotten apples. When I returned he said: "Why, man alive! What did you fill your basket with that worthless lot for, when the ground is covered with fine, large, sound ones?" And he threw them

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away with disgust, and brought me the basket filled with the best.

Then was my opportunity, and I said to him, as gently as I could, "Brother, all the afternoon you have been filling me up with the specked members of the church, when I am sure there are multitudes of good ones."

He took my rebuke with the best of good nature, and said, "Brother Fee, you are right, and I have been wrong; and I'll never do it again." And he never did.

The fellow who does not mind his own business will find that business never pays.

"When I was a boy at school," said an old man, "I was often very idle. Even when at my lessons I used to play with other boys as idle as myself. Of course, we tried to hide this from the teacher, but one day we were fairly caught. 'Boys,' said he, 'you must keep your eyes on your lessons; you do not know what you lose by being idle. Let anyone who sees another boy looking off his book come and tell me!'

"'Now,' said I to myself, 'I will watch Fred Smith, whom I do not like, and if I see him looking off his book I will tell.' Not long after I saw Fred looking off his book, so I told the teacher.

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“‘Aha,’ said he, ‘how do you know he was idle?’

“‘Please, sir,’ said I, ‘I saw him.’

“‘And where were your eyes when you saw him?’ asked the teacher.

“I did not watch for idle boys again.”

Uncle Silas bought a telescope and rigged it up in the attic by the high north window, and fixed it so it would swing round easy. He took a great deal of satisfaction looking through it at the wonders of the sky. His sister Hester was visiting him for a few weeks, and he thought he would give her the pleasure of looking, too. She stayed a long time upstairs, and seemed to be enjoying it. When she came down he asked her if she'd discovered anything new.

“Yes,” she says. “Why, it made everybody's house seem so near that I seemed to be right beside 'em, and I found out what John Pritchard's folks are doin' in their out-kitchen. I've wondered what they had a light there for night after night, and I just turned the glass on their window and found out. They are cuttin' apples to dry—folks as rich as them cuttin' apples!”

And, actually, that's all the woman had seen! With the whole heavens before her to study,

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she had spent her time prying into the affairs of her neighbors! And there are lots more like her—with and without telescopes. Only the curious are concerned about another's business. We must learn to mind our own business and be happy therein.

LYING

Lying lips are abomination to the Lord.—Prov.
12. 22.

SOLOMON wrote this text. What does he mean by the word abomination? Answer: The cause of defilement; pollution; an object of extreme hatred. Then we are to learn that a lie is as a stagnant pool, the cause of defilement and pollution. And a lie is the object of hatred by God. Therefore a lie must be a sin. The text tells us that "lying lips are an abomination to the Lord." But from where does the lie come? We answer, the heart. There it is born; the lips express it. The heart is first stained and then the lips are blistered by it.

Lying began with our first parents in Eden. The world has never lost the stain and mendacity incurred at that early period. Lying, down to, say, near the eighteenth century, was a permissible habit to governmental officials, to military officers when treating with the "enemy" and to men of business whenever it could be practiced successfully. Below the forty-seventh parallel, latitude north, there is no nation which can be generally credited with

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veracity; and at least one race, whose home is above that parallel, is notoriously mendacious.

Outside of certain military and business circles below that parallel one may vainly expect veracity in the ordinary concerns of life. We are compelled to include the Slav among the distinctively mendacious races. In this respect he has never outgrown the early childhood of his barbarism. He derived such civilization as he had at first from the lower (Greek) empire whose people were famous liars, and whose administrative functionaries were ever steeped, so to speak, in mendacity. To Greek light faith succeeded Slav light faith. When the Russias were desolated by long-continued wars a good grand prince, Vladimir Monomachus, convened a council of the lesser princes and persuaded them to take oath by the cross that they would not invade the domains of their fellows. This pact they kept for a season; all but Vladesmirko, Prince of Galitsch (died 1153), who went on with his depredations as if he had never taken an oath to forego them. When he was summoned to give an account of his misdeeds, and was reminded of his having kissed the cross, he shrugged his shoulders and demurred that "it was such a little cross." How large a one would have held him to his

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word he did not say. But with rare exceptions all the South Russian princes were of light faith, and the comparison to "lie like a Turk" may be applied equally to any of the Slav peoples.

They say there are different kinds of lies: The religious lie, the business lie, the society lie, the little lie, the big lie, the white lie, and the black lie. But a lie is a lie wherever you find it, in whatever clothes it is dressed.

A lie told in words or acted in deeds is the same thing.

The Cost of a Lie.—While it costs something at times to tell the truth, it costs more to tell a falsehood. A lie costs a good name, good friends, sometimes a position, and even money. A lie is a dear thing to individuals and nations. Some time ago certain Russians settled in Manchuria, and portions of that country were occupied by Russian troops. Conditions developed, however, which in the interest of the other nations required the evacuation of that country by the colonists and the military. The government functionaries, members of what we should term the Russian cabinet, solemnly promised, in writing, to effect this, at certain fixed dates. But when the time came for fulfilling their promise they comported

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themselves as if no such word had been given, and even went so far as to put forward a series of terms calculated to strengthen their occupancy of the country. Here was an example of a great European power deliberately, unblushingly, violating its pledge; and this perfidy was the cause of the Russo-Japanese war, a war which has cost the Russians hundreds of millions of dollars and, what is still worse, many thousand men, the destruction of her fleet, disaster, disgrace, alienation of the rest of the civilized world, much ruin to her internal business, half a million subjects compelled to idleness—in a word, damage done to every interest of the empire. Here is a price paid for one lie. The functionaries above referred to thought themselves secure in their mendacity. They expected by bluff and contempt to overawe the Japanese. But these are not compacted of Russian baseness. They regard a lie as a thing utterly vile, and could well afford to return contempt with contempt.

Lying does not pay. It misrepresents, paints in false colors. The good and wise Solomon in his Proverbs, chapter 23 and verse 23, tells us how to make a good investment: "Buy the truth, and sell it not." Truth is the most beautiful of virtues, a strong quality, a great

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possession, worth more than gold, precious stones, or any wealth—a determining factor in every life.

Hear a paradox by another :

A White Lie and a Black Lie were following a little boy home from school and whispering bad advice in his ears.

"Tell your mother you earned the money doing errands," said the Black Lie.

"Tell her you found it in the schoolyard," said the White Lie. "You know you did find it in the schoolyard in Mamie Ellis's chain purse, but you don't need to tell the whole truth about it."

"Don't tell her anything about it, but spend the money for candy and nobody will be any wiser," said the Black Lie.

"I'm going to carry the dime back to Mamie Ellis as fast as I can go," the little boy said, as he ran away from his tempters.

"Don't come near me," said the White Lie to the Black Lie after the little boy was gone.

"No wonder you don't want anyone to touch you," said the Black Lie, "for you and I are both only soap bubbles, and if anyone touches us we burst in a moment and there is nothing left. You are no better than I am, so you need not put on airs."

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The White Lie floated away and for a time she mirrored everything she saw and seemed the embodiment of truth and innocence, till a little child tried to grasp her, and her rainbow hues faded in a moment and she was gone. The Black Lie sank down till he touched the ground, and then he, too, vanished.

COURTESY

Be courteous.—1 Pet. 3. 8.

THESE two words form our text—surely you will remember them. The Bible is the best book on courtesy, good manners, and being kind in the world. Notice the following passages on our subject:

“Be ye kind one to another, tenderhearted, forgiving one another, even as God for Christ’s sake hath forgiven you” (Eph. 4. 32).

“Charity suffereth long, and is kind” (1 Cor. 13. 4).

“Above all things have fervent charity among yourselves” (1 Pet. 4. 8).

“A new commandment I give unto you, That ye love one another; as I have loved you, that ye also love one another” (John 13. 34).

What does this word forming our subject mean? Courtesy—act of politeness, good manners, civility or respect, kindness, etc. Such acts do not cost anything, but pay immensely.

Courtesy is the mark of a true man or a true woman. In all our dealings with the world we should be courteous, whether it be in conversation, letter writing, or in acts. That

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corner of the world in which we live would be so much better were we always and to everybody courteous. This means that it is much better to live together without quarreling and without envying each other than to be unkind and impolite. This means that we should not keep all our good manners for strangers, but brothers and sisters should be kind to each other, as well as to strange friends. You know that some people seem to have their "company manners," but they are cross as bears when there is nobody but themselves near to hear what they say. That is not the way that Jesus wants brothers and sisters to treat each other. So we learn that true courtesy makes people kind and gentle to folks at home as well as to strangers.

Most people are polite to strangers, but are we always polite at home? Are children always courteous to parents? And now I want to ask you a question in confidence—I'll just whisper it—Are parents always courteous to children? They should be. If all parents were courteous maybe all children would be.

A mother had need one evening to pass between the light and her little son. With sweet, grave courtesy she said, "Will you excuse me, dear, if I pass between you and the light?"

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He looked up and said, "What made you ask me that, mother?"

"Because, dear," she answered, "it would be rude to do it without speaking. I would not think of not speaking if it had been Mr. F——, the minister, and surely I would not be ruder to my own boy."

The boy thought a moment, and then asked, "Mother, what ought I to say back?"

"What do you think would be nice?"

He studied over it for a while, for he was such a wee laddie, and then said, "Would it be nice to say, 'Sure you can'?"

This was mother's time to say: "That would be nice; but how would you like to say, just as Mr. F—— would, 'Certainly'? It means the same thing, you know."

That little lad, now a young man in college, is remarked for his never-failing courtesy. A friend said of him the other day, "It's the second nature to W—— to be polite." The mother smiled as she thanked God in her heart for the grace which helped her to be unfailingly courteous to her boy.

PASS IT ON

Go, and do thou likewise.—Luke 10. 37.

THESE words from one of the parables of our Lord's urge us to a most commonplace, everyday Christianity. Put them into practice.

The Rev. Mark Guy Pearse, who recently visited our country and whom many of us heard, tells us that when he was a lad of fourteen years he was returning to his home in Cornwall from school in Germany, passing through London on his way. After spending a little time here he took train to Bristol, and then went on board a ship going to Cornwall, the railway not running so far in those days. The passage money, which he thought included his meals, exhausted the whole of his cash, and his surprise was great when the steward, toward the close of the passage, brought him a bill for his meals. He told him he had no more money. Whereupon the steward asked him his name and address. When he stated who he was the steward looked at him and exclaimed, "I never thought I would live to see you." Then he told how that years before, when a fatherless boy and his mother was in

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great distress, Mr. Pearse's father had befriended them, and he had resolved, if ever the opportunity came, that he would repay the kindness. So now he paid the boy's bill, gave him five shillings besides, and saw him safely landed. When Mr. Pearse told his father the incident he replied: "My lad, I passed that kindness long ago, and now he has passed it to you. Mind, as you grow up, to pass it on to others." Sure enough, Mr. Pearse did not forget. Seeing a lad one day at a railway station in trouble because he had not enough money by fourpence to pay his railway fare, he gave him a shilling, and when the lad brought back the change he told him to keep it, and that he was going to ride with him. And then in the carriage he told the boy the story of how the steward had treated him on the boat. "And now," he said, "I want you, if ever you have the opportunity, to pass it on to others." Mr. Pearse got out at the junction, and as the train left the station the lad waved his handkerchief and said, "I will pass it on."

How much brighter and happier the world would be if everybody would only "pass on" the little deeds of kindness shown to them. Are you doing this, my friend, or do you only pass on unkind actions instead of kind ones?

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The Rev. Henry Burton, M.A., expresses the thought beautifully in the following verses:

"Have you had a kindness shown?

Pass it on;

'Twas not given for thee alone,

Pass it on;

Let it travel down the years,

Let it wipe another's tears,

Till in heav'n the deed appears—

Pass it on.

"Did you hear the loving word?

Pass it on;

Like the singing of a bird?

Pass it on;

Let its music live and grow,

Let it cheer another's woe;

You have reaped what others sow,

Pass it on.

"'Twas the sunshine of a smile,

Pass it on;

Staying but a little while!

Pass it on;

April beam, the little thing,

Still it makes the flow'rs of spring,

Makes the silent birds to sing—

Pass it on.

"Have you found the heav'nly light?

Pass it on;

Souls are groping in the night,

Daylight gone;

Hold thy lighted lamp on high,

Be a star in some one's sky,

He may live who else would die—

Pass it on.

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"Be not selfish in thy greed,
 Pass it on;
Look upon thy brother's need,
 Pass it on;
Live for self, you live in vain;
Live for Christ, you live again;
Live for him, with him you reign—
 Pass it on."

SEASONED WORDS

A soft answer turneth away wrath.—Prov. 15. 1.

WE know how insipid our food tastes without salt and certain other things without spices. So words are often in need of seasoning. Some very good cooks will forget the seasoning, and some good people forget to season their words before using them.

Our text means to help us to help others. For instance, it takes two to make a quarrel. If one of the two would answer with soft or kind words, then there would not be any quarrels. Seasoned words prevent quarrels. "Mother," said a little girl one day while watching her mother in the kitchen, "what makes you put salt in everything you cook?" "Well, Alice, I'll make you a little loaf of bread without the salt, and see if you can find out." When the loaf was done and Alice was allowed to taste it, she found just why her mother put salt in everything. If bread does not taste good without salt, neither will our words or acts count much if we leave out the salt. This same little girl came a day or two later to her mother, saying: "Mother, our new neighbor, Jane Smith, is the worst girl I ever

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saw: she talks back to her mother, pulls her sister's hair, and acts really hateful to everybody. When I told her she was hateful and cross and ugly, she spoke roughly to me and even hit me. Why didn't she take my advice when I told her she did wrong and that she should always speak pleasantly to her mother and be kind to her sister?" "Perhaps," said her mother, "you didn't put any salt in it. Be sure to season your words with kindness."

Words quickly spoken show that the user does not take time to put in the seasoning. How much wrong we do with hasty words! But, you say, we do not mean to do wrong. No, neither does the cook mean to leave out the salt, but nevertheless the bread is spoiled. Thoughtlessness is often a sin.

A poor hunchback boy was roughly pushed out of a game by a thoughtless boy, who said, "Go away; there is no room for a hunchback here!" Wasn't that cruel? Was there any seasoning in those words? The poor little chap, smarting all over, looked up into the eyes of another, with tears and a look of despair in his own eyes, and asked, "I wonder if there will be any room for a hunchback in heaven?"

When, then, shall we season our words? All the time and to everybody. The great should

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season their words to the small, the rich to the poor, the learned to the ignorant, the employer to the employee, the aged to the youth, and the youth to the aged. Learn, then, that the best, biggest, strongest, most helpful words are seasoned words. The most effectual, most winning are those we season.

A clergyman preached an elaborate and eloquent sermon intended to help doubters. Soon after one came to the minister and confessed Christ. "Which of my discourses removed your doubts?" asked the minister. He replied: "It was not any of your sermons. It was the question of a poor woman who stumbled on the steps of the church one day. I stopped to help her. She said, 'Thank you.' Then she looked into my face and said, 'Do you love Jesus Christ, my blessed Saviour?' I did not, and I went home and thought about it; and now I can say I love Jesus." The poor woman's word found the place in the man's heart which the sermon had not touched.

It pays to season our words and actions. Here are two circumstances which illustrate the thought:

"Go away from there, you beggar. You have no right to be looking at our flowers," shouted a little fellow from the garden.

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A boy, who was pale, dirty, and ragged, was leaning against the fence admiring the splendid show of roses and tulips within. His face reddened with anger at the rude language, and he was about to answer defiantly when a little girl sprang out from an arbor near, and looking at both, said to her brother: "How could you speak so, Herbert? I'm sure his looking at the flowers doesn't hurt us." And then, to soothe the wounded feelings of the stranger, she added: "Little boy, I'll give you some flowers if you'll wait a moment;" and she gathered a bouquet and handed it through the fence. His face brightened with surprise and pleasure, and he earnestly thanked her.

Twelve years after this occurrence the girl had grown to a woman. One bright afternoon she was walking with her husband in the garden when she observed a young man in workman's dress leaning over the fence and looking attentively at her and the flowers. Turning to her husband, she said: "It does me good to see people admiring the garden. I'll give that young man some of the flowers." And approaching him, she said: "Are you fond of flowers, sir? It will give me great pleasure to gather you some."

The young workman looked for a moment

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into her fair face, and then said, in a voice tremulous with feeling: "Twelve years ago I stood here a ragged little beggar boy, and you showed me the same kindness. The bright flowers and your pleasant words made a new boy of me—aye, and they made a man of me, too. Your face, madam, has been a light to me in my dark hours of life; and now, thank God, though that boy is still a humble, hard-working man, he is an honest and grateful one."

Tears stood in the eyes of the lady as, turning to her husband, she said, "God put it into my young heart to do that little act of kindness, and see how great a reward it has brought!"

Then, again, it is not always what we say that hurts, but the *way* we say it. The artist exhibits his pictures with due regard to the light, position, etc.

There is much in the way a thing is said. "Your cheeks are like roses," said Aunt Flora, when Lois came in from a January walk, glowing with the cold and exercise. Lois smiled and looked lovingly at Aunt Flora. Aunt Margaret entered the room a minute later, and, glancing at Lois as she stood by the fire, said, "My! Your face is as red as a beet." The red

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grew deeper on Lois's face, while unconsciously she turned petulantly from Aunt Margaret, who prides herself on being "plain-spoken." Aunt Flora's way is best. She can say the right word at the right time, too, even the word of admonition and reproof; but she says it in such a manner that one can think only of the scriptural "apples of gold in pictures of silver."

Season your words. Take the edge off them.
Extract the bitter and sour.

SOME MINDS

"FOR the body is not one member, but many.

"If the foot shall say, Because I am not the hand, I am not of the body; is it therefore not of the body?

"And if the ear shall say, Because I am not the eye, I am not of the body; is it therefore not of the body?

"If the whole body *were* an eye, where *were* the hearing? If the whole *were* hearing, where *were* the smelling?

"But now hath God set the members every one of them in the body, as it hath pleased him.

"And if they were all one member, where *were* the body?

"But now *are they* many members, yet but one body.

"And the eye cannot say unto the hand, I have no need of thee: nor again the head to the feet, I have no need of you.

"Nay, much more those members of the body, which seem to be more feeble, are necessary:

"And those *members* of the body, which we think to be less honorable, upon these we bestow more abundant honor."—I Cor. 12. 14-23.

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1. Mind your Heart!

Let the good crowd out the bad. Sin will not harm us if we keep it on the outside. No heart is so little but that Jesus can enter it, and none so big but that he can fill it.

"Keep thy heart with all diligence; for out of it are the issues of life" (Prov. 4. 23).

2. Mind your Tongue!

It should not speak unkind, hasty, or bad words. It should not blaspheme or lie. Know when to keep it quiet.

"Whoso keepeth his mouth and his tongue keepeth his soul from troubles" (Prov. 21. 23).

3. Mind your Lips!

Do not allow tobacco to stain them or strong drink foul them or cruel words blister them.

"My lips shall not speak wickedness" (Job 27. 4).

4. Mind your Thoughts!

Learn that our thoughts influence the whole body—tongue, lips, eyes, feet, hands, and even our words and acts. If the water is to be pure the spring must first be clean. If what we say and do is to be good, our thoughts must be good.

"The Lord knoweth the thoughts of men" (Psa. 94. 11).

5. Mind your Eyes!

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They must not look on impure objects, nor see bad pictures or read bad books. They must not covet. They can profit best by looking at and resting on the beautiful.

"Thou art of purer eyes than to behold evil, and canst not look on iniquity" (Hab. 1. 13).

6. Mind your Ears!

Our ears should be closed to gossip, untruths, wicked words, songs, and speeches. They should always be open to counsel, commands, and calls for help.

"The ear of the wise seeketh knowledge" (Prov. 18. 15).

7. Mind your Hands!

Do not let them steal, fight, nor touch or handle an unclean thing, but rather let them be held out in pity to a less fortunate brother. Our hands were made to help and bless others.

"Establish thou the work of our hands" (Psa. 90. 17).

8. Mind your Feet!

They should never walk in the counsel of the ungodly, nor go in the way of temptation, or into forbidden paths. But they should go on errands of mercy and help.

"Stand therefore, having your feet shod with the preparation of the gospel of peace" (Eph. 6. 14, 15).

THE SUNNY SIDE

The Lord went before them by day in a pillar of a cloud; . . . and by night in a pillar of fire, to give them light.—Exod. 13. 21.

IN the experience of the Israelites God furnished a sunny side both day and night.

There are four sides to nature: north, south, east, and west; or spring, summer, autumn, and winter. These are God-made sides, all good in their turn. The sunny side is the growing side. Here is where all vegetation looks its best; here is where the trees bring forth their best fruit; here is where the flowers bloom their prettiest. On this side all nature claps her hands and sings her sweetest carol.

"May I come in, dear?" called a girl's bright voice.

"Pull the bobbin, and the latch will fly up," was the merry answer.

The girl pushed open the door and ran across the room to the bed. Nobody could have guessed the pain and the wearisome plaster cast from the cheery voice; still less could one have guessed that the need to earn made the weeks of pain still harder to bear. These things the woman lying there told to her God, never to her guests.

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The girl held up a forlorn handful of late asters. "The very last," she declared. "I hunted and hunted!"

"Are you sure?" her friend asked, quickly. "I've always found them later than this every year. Did you go over to the south side of the hill?"

"No," the girl confessed, laughingly. "I believe that I looked on every side but that. I'll go straight back and hunt again."

Twenty minutes later she returned laden with autumn bloom. "You are right," she said. "I had no idea that the south side made such a difference. The slope was half covered with the most beautiful blossoms, so big and deep-colored! I'm going to put them in this pitcher beside you, so that you can reach your hands down deep into the autumn and pretend you're picking them yourself."

"Then," her friend returned, "I should have to give up the memory of somebody who picked them for me."

The girl stopped her pretty work. "Now I understand the difference," she said, slowly. "You will insist, willful woman that you are, in living on 'the south side' of life, and getting every bit of sunshine there is, while most of us deliberately go and sit on the north side,

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and grumble because it's cold! Never mind; I've caught your secret now, and I'm going to sit in the sun. Then, maybe, I'll blossom."

The white face in the bed smiled. "And the best of it all is that there is always a 'south side,' " she answered—"the sun's side, and God's."

The sunny side is the happy side.

Says one:

"But my personal mission seems to be a failure. I am fettered with doubt. My sky is overcast with clouds."

No wonder! You are walking on the shady side of the street. Come over where it is light and warm. Your mission cannot be a failure if you trust and work, and work and trust. This is not the editor's word. It is God's word. He is pledged to give you success. Doubt it? Then listen to this: "They that sow in tears *shall* reap in joy; he that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, *shall doubtless* come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him."

"Don't worry" is a good motto. It has solid, practical philosophy back of it. Believe in God. Believe in people. Believe in yourself. Then go ahead! If you doubt, you will worry. If you worry, you will fail.

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Writes one:

"The shady side of the street! How full it is of shivering, gloomy, hopeless, nerveless pedestrians! No sparkle in the eye. No glow upon the cheek. No elasticity in the step. No geniality in speech. No viselike warmth in hand clasp.

"Hear ye, hear ye, O ye tribe of the pessimistic croakers!

"Come out of the shadows! Come over onto the sunny side, where men forget to shiver. It is the side of faith. It is the side of hope. It is the side of certain conquest. Walking amid the light and warmth which will flood your way, you will rejoice that yesterday might have been worse, that to-day is every way better, and that to-morrow is to be utterly memorable with the conquests of the King!"

So keep on the happy side.

"Somewhere the sun is shining away."

There is always a bright side; if not in the thing itself, it will be found in its meaning or purpose.

A blind basket girl gave thirty shillings in a collection, and when her pastor remonstrated with her for giving so much she declared that she could afford it better than the girls with

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sight, for she could work in the dark without the expense of a light. The fact that she could do without light was light to her mind, because she sought light rather than darkness. It is better to be the rabbi who laughed as he saw the desolation of Jerusalem, because he saw in it the fulfillment of the prophecy, than that other rabbi who wept over the same desolation and thought only of Israel's former glory.

The darkest night has a bright side which we may call the morning side. The gentle dews fall at night, and some flowers bloom only in the darkness; while the moon and stars ride in the heavens while the night lasts.

LATE BEGINNINGS

Now is the accepted time.—2 Cor. 6. 2.

Now is the best time, as we are not sure of any other.

Some friends we know always begin to do things late. Consequently they are always behind other people. Do you know any of these people? Do any such live in your town, your street, or in your home? That is to say, Does such a one live in your clothes?

Perhaps a late start is better than no start at all.

Start early! Begin on time!

The farmers were late in getting their fall grain in. They hoped that winter would be late setting in, and thus give their wheat a chance to attain the growth necessary for it to survive. Consequently hundreds of acres of wheat are "winter killed," or will be killed by the freezing and thawing of spring, because it did not have time to secure a good, deep root growth. Such of it as may survive will hardly pay for the cutting, so stunted, light of grain, and thickly grown with weeds will it be. Thus the result of a late start.

We must begin early to form good habits.

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A late beginning in this matter will mean a dwarfed and distorted moral nature.

A friend has a flock of fowls. I was talking to him over the fence a day or two ago as he was feeding them. He did not seem particularly enthusiastic. "They don't pay for their feed," he remarked, shelling an ear of fifty-cent corn. "Get many eggs?" I asked. Eggs cost forty-five cents a dozen in town. "Not a one. Haven't all winter," he replied. I sized up his flock. "No wonder," I thought. Aside from other reasons, the most noticeable cause for failure was the large proportion of birds half grown and stunted, with frozen feet. They were hatched late last summer, and had not attained their normal development before the rigors of winter came. Failing to make growth, through the lateness of the season, they would never be full-sized and profitable.

"Now is the accepted time" to begin a Christian life. Don't begin late in this matter. A late beginning in the Christian life is a very great misfortune. Time thus lost is never regained. In the Christian life there is no catching up, no making up lost time. Pastors know that the most reliable and efficient workers in the churches, as a rule, are those who began the Christian life early.

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We give a few of thousands of men and women, strong and immovable in their faith, irresistible in their influence, abundant in their labors, full-orbed in their Christian character, who owe their full development to an early start: Bishop Simpson was converted when seven years of age. Count Zinzendorf, the founder of the Moravian Church, who was instrumental in directing John Wesley to a warm spiritual experience, began his religious life at five. John Wesley, the founder of Methodism and the most powerful religious personality of his time, was trained from earliest childhood to love and serve the Saviour. Our own Bishop McCabe began when eight years of age. Lord Shaftesbury, who accomplished so much in England for abused children, the oppressed working classes, and the slaves in the British colonies, was led to Christ when a child by a servant girl.

Mr. Spurgeon is reported to have said: "I never found it necessary to expel members received in the early years of childhood."

OBEDIENCE

To obey is better than sacrifice.—1 Sam. 15. 22.

ONE of the first lessons the recruit must learn to be a good soldier is that of obedience. Likewise, in order to become good men and women, we young people must learn to obey; and should even go further—we should love to obey. That “why” which so often falls from our lips when we hear the voice of command denotes a lack of that submission which should everywhere grace our deportment. It is ours to obey, and not ask the reason why.

“Father told me to tell you,” panted the little brother running up to his big brother just as the school bell rang, “that he wants us to come home to-night by way of Twenty-second Street, and not over the bridge.”

The older brother scowled, but there was no time to say anything till school was out. There was going to be a football game in the lot just beyond the bridge, and the big brother wanted to go with the other boys.

“Father didn’t know I wanted to go to the game to-night, Tommy,” he explained, hurriedly, after school. “You can come, too, if

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you like. Father won't care. Besides it's much shorter that way if you want to run right home."

"But father said very particularly, 'Tell Charles not to go by the bridge to-night on any account. You are both to come by Twenty-second Street.' I'm going to mind father. He had some reason for saying that, and, anyhow, I mean to do as he says," said the little brother.

"O, it's all right for you; you're only a kid. But father won't mind if I go the short way."

So Charles went the forbidden way and Tommy plodded down Twenty-second Street alone, wishing he could have gone to the ball game too. But he had not gone far before he saw a great, beautiful automobile flying down the road toward him, and when it came near it slowed up, and there was his own father in it, with mother and the baby in the back seat.

"Jump in, Tommy. Where's Charles? We're going to try the new machine," called his father. But when the father and mother heard where Charles was they looked grave and troubled. "There are several cases of smallpox down by the bridge," they said. "We must try and catch Charles and send him home. He cannot go and ride with us. He has for-

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feited the right by disobedience and lack of trust."

Learn to obey, whether you see the reason or the why of it or not. This is manly. Then if we obey our parents and those in authority over us, we should much more obey Christ, and that should surely be the obedience of love. Herein we will discover that it pays to obey.

In a recent tale of South American life I read a story of obedience—glad and hearty obedience—to the words of Christ.

A traveler was lost in Chile. After hours of wandering he was captured by Indians, who took him for a spy. His life was in danger. His captors were on the point of putting him to death, when suddenly all fell on their faces to the ground; then one by one they rose to their feet, mounted their horses, and rode away. The traveler was alone, and safe. But why?

He wandered on, in search of his companions. After dark he reached a cabin. He begged for shelter. But his reception was hostile. Food and a place to rest were refused. Weapons were brandished, and he was glad to depart. But before he had gone many rods the weapons were thrown down, and the natives ran to him, embraced him, begged him to enter the hut and receive the best they had.

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The night was passed in safety. But the traveler could hardly sleep for curiosity. What was the cause of this second change in the attitude of foes, a change as sudden and mysterious as the first, when his life was saved?

Next day he went on his way. It was not long before he fell in once more with the Indians who, the day before, had threatened his life. Instead of meeting him with hostile demonstrations, they were ready to worship him. They loaded him with gifts—he could not carry them all, they were so many. He did not wish to take them, until he saw the happiness of each individual from whom he received a gift. A child offered him a fire opal, and as he took it from her hands he was surprised to note the beatific expression of her face.

More curious than ever, he demanded an explanation. Then he learned the reason for the mysterious salvation from death, the cordial reception at the cabin, the loads of gifts. At the moment his life was sought, as at the moment of his turning away from the hut, the natives had heard a peculiar bird cry. According to their superstitious belief, this was the cry of a night bird which no one had ever seen, or an angel bird, sent by Christ. The bird's cry is the voice of Christ; and that cry will, on the

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instant, stop a battle, a dance, anything. It is a command, and must be obeyed. Furthermore, when the bird has called, it turns into a traveler, and the traveler is Christ. Whoever sees him must load him with gifts, and every gift will bring a blessing from heaven to the giver.

It is only a fable of the superstitious people of Chile. But what a commentary on the teaching of Christ, who says, "If ye love me, keep my commandments."

Obedience to the commands of Christ will cause a decided change in our lives. He may call on us to give up cherished plans, to surrender precious possessions, to endure discomfort and even danger. But what of that? It should be enough for us that he commands. Let his command be obeyed as instantly, cheerfully, and completely as the ignorant Indians of the story obeyed what they took to be the voice of Christ, although that voice demanded hard things. Such obedience is as sure to bring a blessing to us as to those who, in the story, ministered to the needy traveler. In giving to him they believed they were ministering to Christ, at his bidding.

DAY OF SMALL THINGS

For who hath despised the day of small things?—
Zech. 4. 10.

WHO dares to discount small beginnings? Look at that great field of yellow grain, and then tell me a seed is a small thing. See those great tall oaks. Would you say an acorn was a small thing? Expansion is a strong word these days. Back in the long ago the day of small things was not despised. And we find the results everywhere.

One day in 1862 a boy who lived in Portland, Maine, asked his mother for a quarter for spending money. He had at the time in his pockets three cents remaining from what his mother had given him a few days before. The mother said, "Why don't you try to earn some money, Cyrus, and thus have spending money of your own?"

"Can I have all I make?" he inquired.

"Certainly," she answered.

The boy forthwith began to plan. Running across a newsboy in the street, Cyrus offered him a penny each for three papers. The regular price was three cents, but the boy was overstocked and gladly made the sale. Cyrus

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sold his papers at three cents each, and went home richer by six cents.

This was the beginning of a fortune which Cyrus Curtis, the owner of the Ladies' Home Journal and the Philadelphia Saturday Evening Post has since acquired. After the first business venture young Curtis sold papers regularly when out of school. When but thirteen years old he published a little amateur sheet called Young America. He paid the printer five dollars for printing four hundred copies. The business did not succeed, however, but this didn't discourage the boy. Saving a few dollars from the sale of newspapers, he went to Boston, where he purchased a small printing outfit and established a little printing office.

From these humble beginnings Mr. Curtis became one of the great publishers of the present day.

There was once a great, large locomotive, the largest on the railway. The best plans known, the best iron and steel. To this engine the best engineer on the road was assigned. He had spent years in perfecting his knowledge and skill.

One day this magnificent engine was coupled to a long train of thirty-five cars. Off the train started to a community hundreds of miles

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away, carrying almost everything needed. After a while the coupling link fell to thinking. It remembered that everybody was admiring the engine and praising the good engineer. It had not heard a word about its own importance or the necessity of its work. So it concluded the work it was doing was of no account. "What is the use," it said of itself, "of my keeping on so faithfully, straining myself to hold these cars together. No one will miss me if I drop out. So here I go." The link parted in two and dropped down between cars, saying, "No one will ever miss me." The engineer was at his post; the fireman was throwing in the coal; the engine was doing its best climbing slowly up the steep grade. Suddenly it darted ahead as if shot out of a gun. The engineer pushed the throttle shut, knowing that something was wrong. The fireman looked back and saw that they were parted from the train. The engineer brought his engine to a stop. The coupler was broken. The train was as helpless as though a locomotive had never been invented. The expenditure of the company for the monster engine was useless; the skill of the engineer was in vain. The people in that far community must wait for their supplies. Unless this little coupler will do its part,

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or another is had to take its place, these cars must remain still, or, worse than that, run down grade and maybe crash into another oncoming train and cause a dreadful accident.

How important is that little coupler! How important, indeed, is every little thing. Little words likewise are necessary. They bring about big things.

A boy in Boston went to a boot shop and, while waiting for his boots to be mended, asked the errand boy to his school. Just a word of invitation. That errand boy was D. L. Moody, the evangelist. The whole world knows the result.

ONLY BITS

Here a little, and there a little.—Isa. 28. 10.

Do you believe in Bits; that is, little things? Did you know that the great fortunes of our rich men were made up of little pennies? Did you know that the oceans are filled with little drops of water? Did you know that the great stretch of beach which we see at the seaside is made up of little grains of sand?

So we must learn that little words, kindly spoken, little smiles and little deeds go to help make some one happy.

I knew one who believed in little things.

She was a dear, quaint old lady, whose days were full of kindness and whose hands were seldom idle. She was showing some treasures of handiwork, and, among other things, brought out a soft, silken quilt, daintily stitched and finished. We exclaimed at its beauty, and then began slowly to recognize its component parts.

"Why, auntie, you did not make this whole pretty slumber robe out of just those odds and ends of silk you were gathering?"

She nodded and laughed. "There are bits

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enough in the world, child, to make almost anything we want, if only we are willing to save the bits and take pains to put them together," she said. "The reason for most of our doings-without is that we want our material all in one piece—yards and yards of it—so that we can lay on what pattern we like and cut it out easily. But it doesn't come that way usually. Strength, leisure, money, education—we seldom get any of them in the lengths we want, but putting the bits together will work wonders, if only we learn how to do it. 'Slumber robe'? Is that the new name for this kind of a quilt? Well, the 'happiness robe' is made in the same way, out of the bright little odds and ends which come to us daily."

Little fragments of time are worth saving. Little seconds make centuries. The rejected bits can be used to great advantage. It's out of little babes God makes great men and women.

There is an old story of a great artist in colored glass. He had designed a window for a great cathedral, and selected for it some very choice material. After he had completed his work an apprentice gathered up the rejected fragments and from them designed a wheel window in the same cathedral, which was pro-

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nounced to be more lovely than the work of the great master, although but formed from his leavings. So our God can from the broken and rejected opportunities of our lives, as they appear to us, make some more precious work than we can accomplish with the very best we have.

Some poet writes :

“One little grain in the sandy bars,
One little flower in the field of flowers,
One little star in a heaven of stars,
One little hour in a year of hours—
What if it makes? or what if it mars?

“But the bar is built of the little grains,
And the little flowers make the meadows gay;
And the little stars light the heavenly plains,
And the little hours of each little day
Give to us all that life contains.”

WANTED—A BOY

A wise son maketh a glad father.—Prov. 10. 1.

WHAT kind of a boy is wanted? The wise son is the boy that is wanted. A boy that is wise enough to be brave, courageous, truthful; a whole-souled, earnest, honorable, square boy—such a boy is wanted in many places, and for him there is room at the top.

“Never ye mind the crowd, my boy,
Or think that life won't tell;
The work is the work, for aye that,
To him that doeth it well.
Fancy the world a hill, my boy,
Look where the millions stop;
You'll find the crowd at the base, my boy—
There's always room at the top.”

The boy that will help is the kind of boy that is wanted. Some boys only hinder, never help. The boy who helps in little things in a thorough way, who is obliging and obedient, is just the fellow who will be asked some day to help in greater things. He will find that he is the boy that is wanted.

There lately died at Lincoln, Nebraska, a man named J. H. Walsh, who had an important part in the construction of the first sus-

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pension bridge at Niagara Falls. When he was still a boy the first steps for the construction of the suspension bridge were taken. The first thing of all was to stretch a single wire across the chasm. The engineer in charge had thought of a way to get it across.

"What boy is the best kiteflyer in town?" he asked a resident.

The Walsh boy was named, and the engineer asked that he be brought. He was made to understand that he must fly his kite across the Niagara River. He flew it across and allowed it to come down on the other side. Men were there to seize it. Then the engineer attached the wire to the string on his side, and the men on the other side detached the kite, and by means of the string drew the wire across, and the bridge was well begun. Mr. Walsh afterward moved to Nebraska, and became a prominent citizen of Lincoln.

The wide-awake boy is the boy that is needed—the boy who knows an opportunity when he sees it and how to take hold of it.

When General Grant was a boy his mother one morning found herself without butter for breakfast, and sent him to borrow some from a neighbor. Going, without knocking, into the house of a neighbor, whose son was then at

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West Point, young Grant overheard a letter read from the son stating that he had failed in examination, and was coming home. He got the butter, took it home, and, without waiting for breakfast, ran down to the office of the congressman from that district.

"Mr. Hamar," he said, "will you appoint me to West Point?"

"No; So and So is there, and has three years to serve."

"But suppose he should fail, will you send me?"

Mr. Hamar laughed. "If he don't go through no use for you to try."

"Promise me you'll give me a chance, Mr. Hamar, anyhow."

Mr. Hamar promised. The next day the defeated lad came home, and the congressman laughed at Uly's sharpness and gave him the appointment.

"Now," said Grant, "it was my mother's being out of butter that made me general and President."

But it was his own shrewdness to see the chance and promptness to seize it that urged him upward.

I asked a little boy what he was going to be when he became a man, and he said, "I guess

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I'm going to be a 'lectrician." I said, "What makes you think that?" His instant reply was, "Because I like to meddle with door bells." That boy already had his eyes open, and was beginning to observe himself, and he had discovered a strongly marked tendency in himself. Many men have lived and died without getting as far along as that. It has been said that every man has in himself a continent of undiscovered character, and that the greatest thing he can do is to be a Columbus to his own soul.

The noble boy is the boy that is wanted. After all, nobility is in deeds, not in the blood. The boy who does little and mean things is not wanted anywhere. But the young boy of noble deeds will find a place everywhere.

To illustrate the point, here is another's experience:

Let me tell you one of the noblest things I ever knew a schoolboy do. Jamie Pettigrew was the smallest boy in our class. (How often I have wondered since what has become of Jamie!) He was a praying boy, the only praying boy among us, and we all liked him the better for that. Willie Hunter was not a praying boy, but he was a real good fellow, too, and Willie and Jamie used to run neck and

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neck for the prizes. Either the one or the other was always at the top of the class—dux, we called it, dux, ducis, “a leader.” Well, examination day came round, and we were asked such a lot of puzzling questions, but one by one we all dropped off, till, just as we expected, the fight for the first prize lay between Jamie and Willie.

I shall never forget how astonished we were when question after question was answered by Willie, while Jamie was silent; and Willie took the prize. I went home with Jamie that afternoon, for our roads lay together; but instead of being cast down at losing the prize, he seemed rather to be mighty glad! I couldn't understand it.

“Why, Jamie,” I said, “you could have answered some of those questions; I know you could.”

“Of course I could,” he said, with a light laugh.

“Then why didn't you?” I asked.

He wouldn't answer for a while, but I kept pressing and pressing him, till at last he turned round, with such a strange, kind look in his bonnie brown eyes.

“Look here,” he said, “how could I help it? There's poor Willie—his mother died last

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week, and if it hadn't been examination day he wouldn't have been at school. Do you think I was going to be so mean as to take the prize from a poor fellow who has just lost his mother?"

Wasn't it noble?

IT IS EASIER

So shall it be easier for thyself.—Exod. 18. 22.

Do you want to know the easier way? You surely want to know which way pays!

It is easier to avoid forming a bad habit than it is to break away from a bad one.

It is easier to do the appointed task to-day than it will be to-morrow.

It is easier to keep out of jail than to break out.

It is easier to spend a dollar than it is to make one.

It is easier to refrain from the use of tobacco and strong drink than it is to free oneself from the appetite when once acquired.

It is easier to rise in life than to endure a mere existence under the surface. Poverty may keep one down for a while, but it is possible to rise above it.

Jay Gould was a poverty-stricken surveyor. George W. Childs was a bookseller's errand boy, on a salary of four dollars a month. John Wanamaker started business on a salary of a dollar and a quarter a week. Andrew Carnegie began life on a weekly salary of three

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dollars. Abraham Lincoln was a miserably poor farmer's son. Andrew Johnson was a tailor apprentice boy, and learned to read after he was married. James A. Garfield was a poor widow's son, and as a barefooted boy drove mules on the towpath of an Ohio canal.

WHAT LITTLE HANDS CAN DO

Let not thy hands be slack.—Zeph. 3. 16.

WE will do well to remember that many hands make light work.

Little hands often help when big ones forget how. Many tired mothers are helped by little hands.

Once seeing a sturdy little figure trudging bravely along with a pail of water I was prompted by curiosity to further acquaintance, and said:

"You are a busy little girl to-day?"

"Yes'm."

The round face under the broad hat was turned toward us. It was freckled and perspiring, but cheery withal.

"Yes'm; it takes a heap of water to do a washing."

"And do you bring it all from the brook down there?"

"O, we have it in the cistern, mostly; only it's been such a dry time lately."

"And is there nobody else to carry the water?"

"Nobody but mother, an' she's washin'."

"Well, you are a good girl to help her."

It was a well considered compliment, and

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the little watercarrier did not consider it one at all, for there was a look of surprise in her gray eyes, and an almost indignant tone in her voice as she answered: "Why, of course, I help her. I always help her to do things all the time; she hasn't anybody else. Mother'n I are partners."

Boys and girls, are you and mother partners? Do your little hands help all they can? Remember, that's what hands are for.

Many times just a little more help is needed. Just a few more little hands will accomplish a given object. Then all hands out of pockets! All hands raised!

There is an island in the Atlantic which is the home of wreckers—a people whose perilous task it is to save the lives of those who are so unfortunate as to be driven upon the breakers which line the coast, and often they succeed in saving the noble vessel, as well as its precious burden. One morning they descried a ship lodged between two giant cliffs, where the receding waves had left her. Soon she would be dashed to pieces by the tempest. They manned the lifeboat, and fastened a rope to the vessel, and brought the end ashore. Then together they pulled, but she would not move; firmly the cliffs held her in their mighty grasp.

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Some one suggested that the women be called. They came. Stretching out the ropes, the men and women pulled together. But the ship did not move. Nearly all despaired of saving her. One, however, like Robert Raikes, said, "Let's call the children." Gayly came the little ones. Their tiny hands were laid upon the ropes. Their merry shouts rose above the noise of the tempest. Their very presence was an inspiration. Bending to their work, men, women, and children, altogether, the imperiled vessel glided to its moorings, and soon rode at anchor in the little bay.

So this wretched world, lodged by the tempest in the embrace of giant evils that girdle her on every hand—an object of solicitude to angels and good men—is being saved.

These little hands are the very hands we need. These little hearts beating in sympathy with ours, and these little voices chanting the pæans of victory, are what we need.

So the little part we take in life proves to be an important part. One Elizabeth W. Dennison helps in these words:

My life is full of little things,
A little care, a little task,
A little walking in the dark—
No great thing does the Master ask.

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I long to do some noble thing,
To show how great my love may be;
But only little daily tasks
Does the dear Lord require of me.

A little life of faith and prayer,
And love and joy, 'mid daily care,
Ready to help and brave to bear—
Yet these are needed everywhere.

SOME LESSONS FROM THE HABITS OF BIRDS

No. I

But ask now the beasts, and they shall teach thee;
and the fowls of the air, and they shall tell thee.—Job
12. 7.

THAT the beasts of the field and birds of the air can and do teach no one questions. We will do well to learn that many of them are more able to teach us than we are willing to learn. In this talk we will introduce the stork, and let him teach us some good and wholesome lessons.

Birds, like people, are endowed. The stork, for instance, is peculiarly affectionate. There are two kinds of storks known to ornithologists—the black and the white. Of the two, the latter is by far the more interesting. It is a most beautiful bird, not so much from any one feature as from a combination of features. It is nearly four feet high, with long, thin legs. Its wings are jet black, its beak and legs of a bright red, and those contrast beautifully with the pure snow-whiteness of its plumage.

The mother stork loves her young dearly, and shows it by self-sacrifice. Once when a

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terrible conflagration was raging in the town of Delft, in Holland, the flames came so near that they surrounded a nest of young storks. The mother bird became frantic, and tried to carry her young from the devouring flames, but in vain; and when she saw that they must burn she remained and died with them.

But the peculiar thing about the affection of this bird which I want you to note is that which appears in the young stork—in the manner in which she remembers and returns the warm love of the parent. This was so marked a feature to the mind of the Hebrews that they embodied it in the name they gave the stork. They called it *Chasidah*, which means kindness or filial love. For the same reason the Romans called the stork *Avis pia*, because they believe the young repaid the love and care of the parents by attaching themselves to them through life and especially caring for them in old age.

This same duty is enjoined upon children by God to their parents in one of the commandments. Suppose you repeat the Fifth Commandment.

It is told how Frederick the Great, king of Prussia, one day rang his bell; but as no one answered he opened the door and found his

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page asleep in an elbow-chair. He advanced toward him, and was going to awaken him, but, seeing a letter hanging out of his pocket, he had the curiosity to read it. It was a letter from the young man's mother, thanking him for sending a part of his wages to help her, and stating that God would be sure to reward him for his kindness to his old mother.

The king, after reading it, went back softly to his room and took a bag of ducats and slipped it into the page's pocket. He then rang so loudly that he awakened him. The page, putting his hand in his pocket, found the bag of money; and on entering the king's presence was pale with fear and burst into tears.

The king asked him what was the matter.

"Ah, sire," said the youth, as he fell on his knees, "somebody seeks my ruin. I know nothing about this money which I found in my pocket."

"My young friend," said the king, "God often does great things for us even in our sleep. Send that to your mother from me, and say that I will take care of both her and you."

So it always is. In one way or another God gives his smile and blessing to those who are dutiful to their parents.

Another endowment the stork has is instinct.

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Let us call it God's whisper. All who have studied the habits of birds acknowledge that there is nothing more wonderful in connection with them than what is called instinct, and one of the most wonderful kinds of instinct is what is called the migratory instinct. So it is with the stork. If you were to go and live in Holland or Germany or Palestine you would see the storks doing just what we see the swallows doing every season. Now, why is this? How do they know where to go and when to leave? Naturalists say it is instinct. This is the means by which this bird knows where to go and when. How I wish we young folk would obey God so readily! He speaks to our souls even more tenderly, urgently, and lovingly. He speaks to us through the conscience.

I knew a little boy who was an apprentice in a merchant's shop. One day the master went out, and the boy was left all alone beside the open cash box, or till, as it was called. The pennies and sixpences were lying there in a great heap, and looked very tempting. Satan whispered, "Take some; they'll never be missed, and you'll be able to buy such lots of nice things." The boy was just going to put his hand into the box when another voice thundered in his ear, "Don't take them, Johnny,

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else you'll be a thief!" and he flung them down into the till as though each penny were a bit of red-hot coal.

Now, that voice warning against sin was God's whisper in the ear of conscience, and Johnny's instant obedience was one of the turning points in his life and one of the noblest things he ever did.

Another way God has of speaking to us is through the written Word—the Bible; and when you are reading the Bible you are listening to the voice of God as truly as the disciples did when they were sitting at the feet of Jesus on the Mount of Olives. You can't see him as the disciples did, but none the less really is he present. He stands behind the thin veil or curtain that hides the spirit world from our view, and speaks through the printed page as we read it.

The stork is a useful bird. It is one of the best and most fearless destroyers of deadly reptiles. In towns they are almost equally useful. They take up all refuse from the streets, which would otherwise breed fevers and other virulent diseases so fatal to human life. This is why the bird is so beloved and protected—it is because it is so useful. Here the stork sets us a good example—that of usefulness.

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In the busy streets of towns in Holland, in the quiet villages of Denmark and Sweden, and in the bustling bazaars or open shops of Syria and Tunis, the stork may be seen stalking gravely among the crowd without the slightest fear or danger, and should any stranger dare for a moment to molest him condign punishment would immediately follow.

The claim of the stork to protection was recognized in ancient as well as in modern times. My boy readers who have looked into Roman history will remember reading of a famous Roman named Pliny. Well, Pliny tells us that in Thessaly it was a capital crime to kill a stork, and the life of a stork was thus of a like value with that of a man. They were not less honored in Egypt. At Fez we are told there is an endowed hospital for the purpose of assisting and nursing sick cranes and storks, and of burying them when they die! Now, why is the stork, of all creatures, regarded with such reverence and tended with such loving care? It is because it is a great protector of human life.

SOME LESSONS FROM THE HABITS OF BIRDS

No. II

But ask now the beasts, and they shall teach thee;
and the fowls of the air, and they shall tell thee.—Job
12. 7.

BIRDS are neat dressers and most careful about their toilet. Of course, their fashions differ because birds themselves differ, but they do not change. A robin to-day dresses just as her grandmother did, and none of her neighbors would dream of calling her old-fashioned. Neither do birds have many suits. Two a year is quite sufficient for most of them, and many are content with only one.

As a rule, the gentlemen dress more gayly than their mates, though they spend less time upon their toilets. Just watch your canary after he has had his daily bath. See how each separate feather is cleaned, pulled, and looked over, and how all the loose ones are taken out and dropped. All this is done by the bill, for a bird's neck is so flexible that it can be turned in all directions; but the bill cannot reach the head, and so Mr. Canary uses his foot. With it he combs his hair first on one side, then on the other, scratching very fast, as if to get all

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tangles out. Then he uses his hair oil, for, although complexion powders are not known in the bird world, hair oil certainly is. Ladies and gentlemen alike carry it about them. They have a little pouch or sack on the back, near the tail, for the purpose. When Madame Bird wishes to use it, she squeezes it out with her beak, just as you would press a rubber bulb; then she lays the oil on her back just above the wings, and rubs her head against it, turning her neck in all directions until every feather in her head is straight and shining.

Some birds wear their hair done up high on their head, and others prefer a Chinaman's queue. Still others comb it right down plain and smooth like a little Quaker's. But, whatever the style, it is always pretty and becoming.

The proudest of all birds is the peacock. Its failing is vanity. Understand, it is the peacock, and not the hen, which has that wonderful tail, which he and everybody else so much admires.

We usually accuse the ladies of being fonder of dress and of appearances than men. Let us remember that among these birds it is the gentleman bird that has the wonderfully expanding tail, and he knows it is a most gorgeous one. The moment the hen appears he at once

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shows his superiority by displaying that wonderful circle of feathers.

This proud bird likes to be seen and admired. He sidles and turns round gently and gracefully, that you might see the effect of the reflection of the sunlight upon his feathers. He likes to stand on a high and prominent place, just like the rest of us. He is not humble. You never saw a peacock fond of a quiet corner. He never hides himself out of sight.

This proud bird cannot fly. The little sparrow can beat him in that art. But never had a sparrow a jacket that would compare with a single feather of this bird's clothing.

It is only fair to say, however, that for matter of tail there is no bird that can match him. Thus, as you look at it you naturally say, "What a beautiful, charming bird!" Yes, if you did not know much about it you would come to that conclusion, but the more you know about the peacock the less you think of his tail. You learn that he is a very gluttonous and a very selfish and destructive creature.

Then, again, the moment he tries to sing you find out what a cracked voice he has, for he can only screech hideously when he tries to sing. That beautiful bird has nothing to commend it except its beautiful feathers.

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Now, I want you to remember that there are some people in the world like that peacock. Everything depends upon their dress, or their outward appearance. They are quite satisfied if people will but admire their last suit or dress. Now, if you happen to get near to them, and watch their life, their disposition, and their conduct, you will very often cease to be charmed by their dress. There are many poor people who live in back slums who have far better characters, and are much more truthful and unselfish, than many of those who are dressed so grandly.

I want you to guard yourselves against attaching too much importance to appearances. By all means be clean and neat, be all that your mother wishes you to be—and that is to say a great deal—but do not attach all importance to your little suit or dress. Do not be always looking at yourself, and think that people will judge you by the outward appearance. Even if people are silly enough to do that, there is One who does not. We, too, should “judge not by the appearance, but judge righteous judgment.” Learn that the truest ornament is “a meek and gentle spirit, which in the sight of God is of great price.” I have known some clad in poor clothing, but they have been the

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Lord's princes; the world has been richer for them. Those who have known them have thanked God that they were ever permitted to know them. There was nothing in their outward appearance, but everything in their character and life, that charmed men.

O, that the Lord would teach children first of all to be true, and not to ape anyone, or to live under false pretenses; and in the second place, not to be vain, or to depend upon mere outward appearance, but throughout life to ask the Saviour to make your heart pure and your character beautiful, so that all may know that you have been at the feet of Christ and have learned of him.

A SIN TO BE CRUEL TO BIRDS

They are cruel, and have no mercy.—Jer. 6. 23.

ALTHOUGH this text originally had no reference to birds, we use it as directly applying to those who abuse these creatures. It is applicable to many. Is it to you?

God made every bird. He made every one for some purpose. We have no right to destroy them. It is sinful to do them harm. Boys stone them, and men shoot them for mere sport. He's a coward who attacks the helpless.

One writes: "I saw a tragedy to-day. It was enacted before my horrified eyes. Murder was committed, and the victim, perfectly unoffending, perfectly innocent, was suddenly dashed from his home into a gulf of death. Three assassins laughed with fiendish glee as they marked the success of their crime. The victim was a robin redbreast. He was singing his heart out in ecstasy from the top of a maple tree as the airgun held in the hands of a small boy sent its missile straight to its destination. No more songs from that bonny bird. A mourning nestful looking for him in vain. And the boy and his companions will go home, eat

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their suppers, say their prayers, and kill more birds when they can. They are little monsters, did they but know it!"

A little girl told a friend who was visiting her father that her brothers set traps to catch birds. He asked her what she did. She replied, "I prayed that the traps might not catch the birds." "Anything else?" "Yes," she said. "I then prayed that God would prevent the birds getting into the traps," and, as if to illustrate the doctrine of faith and works, "I went and kicked the traps all to pieces," said the girl.

Why be kind to birds? One reason why we should treat them in this way is because they often show kindness to us. How kind those ravens were to Elijah! Every morning and every evening they brought him bread and flesh until the time came when he was to go to another place. These ravens were kind to the prophet because God had taught them to be. He said to Elijah when he told him to hide himself by the brook Cherith, "I have commanded the ravens to feed thee there." We would think that ravens were not naturally very kindhearted. They are usually very greedy birds, but God taught these ravens to think of the hungry prophet as well as of themselves.

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God is kind to birds. We read in Matt. 10. 29, "One of them shall not fall on the ground without your Father." Again, Matt. 6. 26, "Your heavenly Father feedeth them." Thus he provides for them as truly as he does for us. He knows when we are kind and when we are cruel to his feathered family. His eyes are watching you every time you cruelly strike or stone any of God's creatures. This is certainly a strong reason why we should not be cruel to them. There are many ways of being cruel to birds. Perhaps you have heard of the lady who scolded a boy for throwing a stone at one, and he said he would quit stoning birds when she would quit wearing them on her hat.

God causes the mother to teach the little ones to fly. Read what Moses says about the eagle in Deut. 32. 11. That verse tells you the mother eagle teaches her young ones to fly. She takes them on her back and flies into the air with them. Then she suddenly flies from under them so as to make them try their own wings. This sometimes makes them very fearful at first, but it is not unkind in her. She stays near them, and if she sees one of them about to fall to the ground she flies under it and keeps it from falling. This verse also shows God's care over his children, permitting

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them to suffer some trials, yet being always near them to protect and uphold them. Let us help the birds.

Mr. Thomas, in his Sweden and the Swedes, tells of a very beautiful feature of the Christmas festivities there unknown here. "One wintry afternoon," he writes, "at Yuletide, I had been skating on a lake three miles from Gothenburg. On my way home I noticed that at every farmer's house there was erected in the middle of the dooryard a pole, on which was a sheaf of grain. 'Why is this?' I asked. 'O, that's for the birds—the little wild birds. They must have a merry Christmas, too, you know.'"

What can we do for birds? Something, surely.

WELLDOING

Well done.—Matt. 25. 21.

Do your best. No one ever did more; no one should do less.

Let us suppose something, shall we? Let us suppose that one night, when the sun had disappeared and birds had tucked their heads beneath their wings to rest, one of the night birds flew close to an electric light.

"Of what use are you?" asked the bird. "You give so little light compared with the sun!"

"I do the best I can," said the light. "Think how dark this corner would be if I were not here. People walking and driving might run into one another and some one might get hurt."

"Well done," said the bird; and away he flew to a gas lamp. "Of what use are you?" asked the bird. "You do not give as much light as the electric light!"

"I do the best I can," said the light. "Do you not see that steep bank just beyond? If I were not here some one might fail to see it and fall."

"Well done," said the bird, and again flew away. Soon his sharp eyes spied a lamp in a

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window. "Of what use are you?" asked the bird. "You do not give even as much light as the gas lamp."

"I do the best I can. I am in the window to throw light down the path, that Farmer Brown may see the way when he comes home. I do the best I can."

"Well done," said the bird, and off he flew. But again his sharp eyes spied a light—a tiny candlelight in a nursery window. "Of what use are you?" asked the bird. "Your light is so small! You do not give even as much as a lamp."

"I do the best I can," said the candle; "and I can be easily carried from room to room. Nurse uses me when she gives the children a drink of water at night, or sees that they are snugly covered up in bed. I do the best I can."

"Well done," said the bird.

So all do well who do the best they can. Do you do well?

A certain prince went into his vineyard to examine it, and he came to the peach tree and said, "What are you doing for me?"

And the tree said, "In the spring I give my blossoms and fill the air with fragrance, and on my boughs hang the fruit which men gather and carry into the palace."

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And the prince said, "Well done, good and faithful servant."

Coming to the maple, he said, "What are you doing?"

And the maple said, "I am making nests for the birds and shelter for the cattle with my spreading branches."

And the prince said, "Well done, good and faithful servant." And he went down into the meadow and said to the waving grass, "What are you doing?"

And the grass said, "We are giving up our lives for others—your sheep and cattle."

Then the prince said, "Well done, good and faithful servants." And then he came to the little daisy that was growing in the hedgerow, and said, "What are you doing?"

And the daisy said, "Nothing! nothing! I cannot make a nesting place for the birds, and I cannot give shelter to the cattle, and I cannot send fruit into the palace, and I cannot even furnish food for the sheep and cows—they do not want me in the meadow—all I can do is to be the best little daisy I can be."

And the prince bent down and kissed the daisy and said, "There is none better than thou."

WHY DO WE GO TO CHURCH?

O come, let us worship and bow down: let us kneel before the Lord our maker.—Psa. 95. 6.

IN our text we have the true motive for church attendance. How many of us go for the reason or purpose given in those lines. In colonial days attendance was compulsory by law, and in Virginia the penalty for nonattendance, for the third offense, was death! It was not very long ago—in the memory of many of us—that nonattendance at divine worship was a sort of disgrace. Those who attended no place of worship had little standing in the community, and if people did not go for conscientious reason they at least went from social considerations. A decided change has come about. In Protestant churches there is no compulsion, and probably few persons now “go to church” to maintain their social standing. The result is that it is no longer easy to maintain the desired attendance, and every possible method is resorted to in order to “attract” worshipers, or at least auditors.

Many of our churches are struggling with the problem of how to maintain a good attendance at the church services. We cannot learn

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too soon that there is no permanent way of drawing people to places of worship except the good old-fashioned way of making them centers of spiritual life and power. If men and women can be made to feel that our religious meetings, our divine services, are times when the soul meets God and renews its strength, they will not find it hard to leave other things and come. There are multitudes who have a genuine hunger for God and for a sense of his presence. And yet some declare that the time has come, or is fast approaching, when most people will not go to places of worship unless the forces which draw them are stronger than the rival attractions which have grown so numerous in our days. In other words, the mere custom of churchgoing is passing away, and people go only when they are drawn, so that the great question is, What will draw? Trained choirs, sensational preaching, church entertainments, interesting and instructive lecture courses, are some of the well-known ways of attracting attenders. Such methods, however, at once enter into competition with the opera and theater, and the church soon degenerates into "a highly respectable show place," and the young people have their appetites whetted for still more sensational and "professional" en-

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tertainments. We must admit that people had better go to church to hear the music, to see each other, or even to see the styles, than not to go at all; but let us know the true, the only motive for churchgoing is the worship of God through Jesus Christ.

Let us honestly answer the question forming our subject: Why do we go to church? Some of us go to meet our friends, to see who come or who do not come. Some go to see the choir, others to hear it. Many go to hear the music; some to hear the great pipe organ; some to hear the announcements. Some go to see the preacher, others to hear the preaching. Some want to know whom the preacher will hit by his pointed remarks. So there are many other reasons for going to church. But why do *I* go to church?

Bishop Vincent wrote: "We go to the house of God for thoughtful, holy, and loving worship, and not for entertainment or to gratify curiosity. Every moment spent there should be spent in true worship. We should listen carefully to the reading of the Holy Scriptures; join in the responses where this order is appointed; follow with eager and believing hearts the words of prayer; sing heartily 'as unto the Lord,' and give devout and self-appropriating

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heed to the sermon. From the first note of the organ voluntary to the 'Amen' of the benediction we should be alert, ardent, and sincere worshippers.

"There are moments of waiting before the service, and sometimes while people are entering the church and when the appointed officers are taking the collection, which are too often made occasions of idle reverie, vagrant glances, wandering thoughts, and unprofitable conversation. At such times the mind is distracted, the good effects of prayer and preaching neutralized, and the soul turned into a secular and hardened wayside, where the seeds of truth are scattered, to be picked up or to be blown away.

"Now, these moments of waiting should form a season and a service of holy waiting before the Lord, and of preparation for attention and worship. To keep idle thoughts out, we must crowd good thoughts in. To restrain frivolity, we must weigh our souls down with truth—God's truth. To prevent wandering eyes, we must fix our eyes upon words of wisdom on the printed page and then close them in secret prayer.

"That services of the church may be most profitable, we should carefully prepare at home

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to make the best use of the public opportunity. We should meditate and pray before going and while we are on our way. We should frequently, during the week, think of the church and the Sabbath, and by reading, thoughtfulness, and fervent prayer make the day and the service the more helpful when Sabbath comes."

Here are fifteen reasons for attending church regularly, and biblical authority for the same:

1. The Lord invites me every day (Psa. 95. 1).

2. I vowed to do so when I united with the church (Psa. 145. 1, 2).

3. God has a message for me every Sabbath day. I cannot afford to miss it (Psa. 95. 7).

4. I should imitate the example of my Saviour (Luke 4. 16).

5. My pastor expects and needs my presence and attention in the service (Acts 10. 33).

6. Others miss my presence and help (Psa. 121. 1).

7. My example may be followed, either in case of my presence or absence (Rom. 14. 7).

8. Some other person has to do my work when I am absent (1 Cor. 3. 8).

9. The Lord asks an offering on the first day of the week (1 Cor. 16. 2).

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10. The following days of the week will be more enjoyed if the week is begun right (Matt. 6. 33).

11. I should be consistent with my regularity in attention to my secular business matters (Rom. 12. 11).

12. God will call me to account for my conduct if I neglect going to his house (Heb. 2. 1-3).

13. Satan will tempt me away from, as he cannot within, God's house (Matt. 6. 13).

14. A poorer excuse will answer for each successive absence (Luke 14. 18).

15. I grieve the Holy Spirit by my absence (Eph. 4. 30).

GRUMBLERS AND THEIR BUSINESS

I have learned, in whatsoever state I am, therewith to be content.—Phil. 4. 11.

THE writer of our text, Paul, gives us the secret of a happy life.

The grumbler is a bad fellow and his business is like him. If you keep company with him you will do as he does.

Alan and his father were riding through a city not familiar to him, and found much to interest him. Presently he broke into a laugh. "What is it?" asked his father, Mr. Peterson.

"Such a funny sign, father—'Grumble Brothers'! I wonder if they live up to their name?"

"I think not," said his father, smilingly, "or they would not be the successful men of business that they are. But there are some 'Grumble Brothers' who, unhappily, do live up to their name. I hope you will not enter into partnership."

The next morning was rainy. Alan came down to breakfast decidedly out of humor. "Why should it rain on Saturday? I do not care if it pours on school days. We were going to play ball in the park this afternoon. It

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doesn't seem fair for it to rain. Mother, what is the matter with this oatmeal? It is not a bit good."

"When did they take you in, Alan?" asked Mr. Peterson.

"Take me in?" asked the boy, in surprise. "What do you mean?"

"Do you think it will be a good investment?" continued his father.

"Beg pardon, father," said Alan, greatly mystified; "I do not see what you are aiming at."

"O, I thought by the tone of your remarks that you had been taken into the firm of 'Grumble Brothers,' that is all."

Alan blushed and looked undecided for a moment, and then gave a good-humored laugh. "You have the best of me, father. Well, the next time I find fault with anything just remind me, please, of those 'Brothers,' and I will try to pick up a little pleasantness."

Sometimes we grumble when asked a favor, or children when commanded by their parents to do something. Let us know that, while we may comply, we spoil it all by grumbling.

Tommy had a curious dream one night. He had been kept in from play to help his father. But, instead of being proud to think that his

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father wanted his help, he was cross about losing his play—so cross that his father quietly remarked he would not ask him to stay in again to grumble.

When he lay down to sleep that night he dreamed that two angels were sent down to earth to make a record of all the nice, loving things the boys and girls were doing. One angel was to take note of all the big things that were done, and the other was to write down all the little, unnoticed deeds of life. They parted as they reached the earth, and when they met again, on their way back to heaven, they compared notes. One had scarcely filled two pages of his book.

"There are not many conspicuous things done, after all" he said, in explanation.

"I have scarcely found time to write down all that I have seen," said the other angel, and he showed a little book filled from cover to cover with a record of loving, little deeds.

Tommy's heart stood still, and he thought, "My name must be there, too, for it was a nice thing to stay in and help father."

Then he heard the angel explaining why there were some boys and girls he did not take any notice of at all. "They did nice things," he said, "but they were so cross about it and

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so unwilling that I could not write them down. For, you know, I was told only to record the loving deeds of life, not those of grumblers."

Then Tommy woke up, and, as he lay still and thought about it, he knew that he could not possibly have been in the angel's book that day.

SELF-OPINIONED

For I say, to every man that is among you, not to think of himself more highly than he ought to think.—Rom. 12. 3.

SOME of us think of self first, last, and all the time. We give ourselves more credit than we are entitled to. There are some of us who think we are so very much nicer than other people—look wiser, dress better, live better, and all that. Such is the way we feed our jealousies and envyings. Let us take the advice of the wise man Solomon: "Let another man praise thee, and not thine own mouth; a stranger, and not thine own lips."

I have a fable for boys and girls which will help on this point: A little boy and girl were once sitting on a flowery bank and talking proudly about their dress.

"See," said the boy, "what a beautiful new hat I have got. What a fine new jacket and trousers, and what a nice pair of shoes; it's not everybody that's dressed so finely as I am."

"Indeed," said the girl, "I think I am dressed finer than you, for I have on a silk cape and a handsome feather in my bonnet. I know my dress cost a great deal of money."

"Not so much as mine," said the boy, "I am sure."

"Hold your peace," said a caterpillar, crawl-

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ing on the hedge; "you have neither of you any reason to be proud of your clothes, for they are only secondhand, and have all been worn by some creature or other of which you think meanly before they came into your possession. Why, that silk first wrapped up such a worm as I am."

"There, miss, what do you say to that?" said the boy.

"And that feather," exclaimed a bird, perched upon a tree, "was stolen from or cast off by some of my race."

"What do you say to that, miss?" repeated the boy. "Well, my clothes were neither worn by birds nor worms."

"True," said a sheep that was grazing near by, "but they were worn on the back of some of my family before they were on yours; and as for your hat, I know the beavers supplied the materials for making that article, and my friends the calves and oxen were killed not only to furnish meat for your table, but also leather to make your shoes with."

As you see, whatever we have we got from another. Whatever we know some one else taught us. So, after all, it is not self we should think so much of, for to some one else belongs the credit.

FLOWERS

The flowers appear on the earth.—Sol. Song 2. 12.

FLOWERS have been called the “stars of the earth.” We will consider them God’s messengers. May we learn their messages!

Flowers are God-made. No one else ever made a real flower. Of course, men and women have tried to make flowers, painters have tried to paint them, and sculptors have tried to chisel them, but God alone makes flowers.

If God makes flowers he makes them for some purpose. Among the uses to which they are put are: Food, medicine, clothing, and shelter. Their missions are many and varied. Flowers reveal instinct and intelligence. When storms approach and the sky darkens the daisy shrinks, closes up, till the storm is over. Why? Because in the center of the flower is a drop of honey which the rain would spoil. Thus this common flower closes up its house to protect its property.

On Western plains grows a peculiar magnetic plant called the “compass plant.” Its leaves always point north. Pull it up and re-plant it with its leaves toward the south, it

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will reverse its position. It is said to be, on its native soil, more reliable than any compass. It has helped many a lost traveler to find his way.

The Influence of Flowers.—How they bless occupants of the sick room, bringing good cheer to all alike, whether in the palace or hut! Their bloom is the outward expression of the peace within. With their open petals they smile their beauty into many discouraged hearts, while their perfume is as a breath of health to the sick.

There is a flower called heart's-ease, which flourisheth on the meanest soil when fed with good deeds and kindly thoughts, and 'tis worth a king's ransom to its possessor. That same flower hath its roots deep in the heart of God, and its fruit unto eternity, where every good shall reap its unfailing harvest of weal, and every ill deed find its just meed of woe.

Who can help but be better and happier for the flower's influence! Saadi of Shiraz says: "One day in the bath a piece of perfumed clay came to me from the hand of a friend. I said to it, 'Art thou musk or an artificial compound of sweets, for I am charmed with thy delightful odor.' It answered, 'I was a worthless piece of clay, but having for a season associated with

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the rose, the virtue of my companion was communicated to me; otherwise I am the same identical earth that I was at first.' ”

Flowers are emblems of victory, grace, festal occasions, help keep green solitary graves, and come in the dark hour of sorrow and special need.

It is said that there is a flower in South America which is visible only when the wind blows. The shrub belongs to the cactus family, and the stem is covered with warty-looking lumps in calm weather. These lumps, however, need but a slight breeze to make them unfold large flowers of a creamy white, which close and appear as dead when the wind subsides. “Fit emblem this is of many Christians who in ordinary times exhibit but little of active grace, and are supposed to be unsympathetic and indifferent, but when reverses and affliction came to themselves or others, when there is a call for what they can do or give, open out into the loveliness of charity, and minister joy to all about them by their grace.”

Flowers are teachers. They teach the great lesson of contentment. Who ever heard of the violet wishing itself a rose. They teach us to be useful. They teach the lesson of praise. Most flowers look upward, Godward—face to-

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ward the sunlight. Thus they smile back to God. Then, again, they teach us to be grateful. In response to the sun and rain, they grow, develop, and bloom. And for every morning's dew their perfume is sweeter.

BREAD ON THE WATERS

Cast thy bread upon the waters: for thou shalt find it after many days.—Eccl. 11. 1.

WE have in this text an allusion to the sowing of rice, which is sown on muddy ground, partly covered with water, trodden in by cattle; it thus takes root, grows, and finds, after many days, a plentiful harvest. The lesson we are to learn is to give, help, and thus sow seed in good ground, and some day, some time, the harvest will be ours. Every act, good or bad, has a reflex influence.

In Dr. H. M. Wharton's interesting volume, *A Picnic in Palestine*, we find the following:

"They tell a story in Japan that the king's son on one occasion fell into a stream, and was washed along down out of sight and was given up for lost. Far down the river he had struggled up on a bank at the entrance of a little cavern; but there was no means of escape, and there he stayed day after day, until finally rescued by some one who passed in a little boat. Far up that river a native came day after day, and would cast small loaves of bread upon the water which would pass along down stream.

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When asked why he did so he said he did not know, but he had a feeling that some one in hunger would find the bread and live and be saved. When the king's son was rescued he was asked how he had managed to live, and he replied that when almost dead for want of food he would see little white objects floating on the stream; they would drift near enough to be reached, and, finding it was bread, he would eat, and thus life was sustained. The king sent out men and searched both sides of the river until he found the humble native who had cast his bread upon the waters. He gave him a home, rewarded him with treasures, and laid at his feet the very best he had.

Not only away off in Japan do we find the great truth of our text illustrated, but right in Philadelphia, among business men, we have it exemplified:

Simon Muhr and Mayer Sulzberger were seated in the former's office, Chestnut Street, below Seventh, one day when a gentleman entered, but at once withdrew when he saw that the two were busy. When Mr. Sulzberger left the stranger again entered and offered the jeweler his hand. Always affable and polite, Mr. Muhr took the proffered hand, and the visitor was so effusive in his hand-shaking that Mr.

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Muhr was nonplussed and for a moment nervous.

"I have come in," said the stranger, "to repay a loan and to make a request." He then took out a well-filled pocketbook and handed Mr. Muhr a dollar bill. The recipient's face was a study. "And now, my dear sir," continued the stranger, "I'm going abroad with my wife and I do not want to be bothered with so much money as I have with me, and if you can deposit or invest seven thousand dollars for me I'll be eternally grateful."

"But—but—" hesitatingly said Mr. Muhr, "I—"

"O! I see, you don't recall me. Don't you remember, away back in 1885, when I met you on Chestnut Street one evening and asked for alms, for I was hungry and homeless, that you not only gave me a dollar, but asked me to come to this store next morning and you would endeavor to get me work and did so? Have I so changed that you don't remember me? Or are your benefactions so many that the one kindness to me has slipped your memory?"

And then the incident was recalled to the memory of the merchant. It occurred on a cold night early in 1885. Mr. Muhr and Mr. Sulzberger were walking up Chestnut Street

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after dusk, and when near Eighth they were halted by a shivering, hungry-looking man, who pleaded for alms. They were interested in their conversation and were about passing by the man when something in his appealing looks struck Mr. Muhr, and he turned back. In a few minutes he convinced himself that the man's story was true. Handing him a dollar bill he told him to call at his store in the morning and he would try to put him in the way of securing employment.

The next morning the man, who had evidently judiciously expended the dollar, called at Mr. Muhr's store, and before noon the merchant had secured employment for him in a near-by house. Here he remained for three years, and occasionally his benefactor inquired about him, only to find that his charitable act had not been fruitless, for the man proved to be sober, industrious, and saving. At the end of three years his employers were told that he was going West, and from that time they lost sight entirely of him, and the incident gradually faded from Mr. Muhr's mind.

But Mr. Muhr's visitor told the story of the past nine years. It was, perhaps, one of many that occur, but had a fascinating interest for the listener. The three years spent in Phila-

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delphia were made the best of. Although the wages were small, enough was saved to make a start in one of the new cities of the West, and fortune there smiled on the man in striking contrast with the frowns of misfortune in past years.

One Mary Mark-Lemon expresses our thought as follows:

“Cast thy bread on the waters,
On the deep, dark stream of life,
Nor think of the vague hereafter
With clouds and shadows rife.
Beside the sea of sorrow
We one by one must stand;
To leave some heart-loved treasure
Upon the silent strand.
Drifting away in distance,
Lost to our yearning gaze;
But bread that is cast on the waters
Is found after many days.

“Cast thy bread on the waters,
However dark their breast;
O trust, with a prayerful patience,
And He will give thee rest.
Each flower that has bloomed and faded,
Each star that has lost its light,
Is cherished in his heaven,
Is treasured in his sight.
Far on the golden threshold
They wait our yearning gaze,
Cast on the waste of waters,
But found after many days.”

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The bread on the waters will surely bring a harvest "after many days." If we would only believe that the many days hence were coming this way very rapidly! Kind words and deeds fitly represent the bread.

Mr. George Charlton was going to lecture in Alnwick, Northumberland. In the train were a drunken man, his wife, and a boy just entering his teens. The drunken man was quarrelsome, and was making himself a nuisance to everybody in the car. His poor wife tried her best to keep him quiet, but without avail.

Mr. Charlton came to the assistance of the poor woman, and offered to sing for the man if he would only be still. To this the fellow readily agreed. So, after giving the boy some money, Mr. Charlton sang a temperance song. When that was finished the drunkard called for one more song. This time he sang an old, well-known hymn, which seemed to have a wonderful effect on the drunkard. Then the train reached its destination. Both Mr. Charlton and the man and his wife and son got off at the same station. The wife thanked him very heartily for his kindness and bade him good-bye.

Years afterward Mr. Charlton was invited

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to lecture once more in Alnwick, and he was met at the station by a fine-looking gentleman, who escorted him to the place where he was to lecture. It has long been a custom in the north of England to have "tea parties," as they call them, in their chapels, and an address or lecture to follow. Mr. Charlton was invited to tea on this occasion. A typical English matron was very attentive, loading his plate with all the good things that had been provided. Mr. Charlton also noticed that the gentleman who had met him at the train was paying much attention to his wants. This naturally aroused his curiosity. Calling the lady to his side, he asked, "Who is that fine-looking gentleman at the other end of the table?"

"That gentleman is my husband," she replied, "one of the elders of the Presbyterian Church. Mr. Charlton, do you remember, many years ago, singing for a drunken man to keep him quiet?"

"Why, yes, I do."

"Well, sir, that is the man, and I am the poor woman who thanked you for singing that temperance song, and the old hymn led him to see the error of his ways. He signed the pledge, he gave his heart to God, and so did I, sir, and we have now the happiest home in the north

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of England, and we owe it all, under God, to you, sir."

"Well," said Mr. Charlton, "what about that boy? Where is he?"

"When my husband quit drinking we soon had a nice little home of our own, and Joe, our Joe, was anxious to get an education, and so we sent him to school, and to-day, sir, he is the Rev. Joseph Parker, pastor of the Cavendish Street Chapel, Manchester."

PATIENCE

Ye have need of patience.—Heb. 10. 36.

PATIENCE! What's that? Enduring without complaint—a grace, but a scarce article. Many good people have patience, but no one has any to spare.

Time used to learn patience is never wasted. Therefore take time to learn the art. Where and from whom can we learn? Everywhere and from much about us. Learn from the trees, birds, flowers, and all nature; from animals, insects. The ant is a good teacher of this subject. The spider is an authority. Suppose we let Mr. Spider teach us this morning.

"I was spinning a web on a rose vine," said the spider, "and the little girl was sewing patchwork on the doorstep. Her thread knotted, and her needle broke, and her eyes were full of tears. 'I can't do it,' she cried; 'I can't! I cant!'

"Then the mother came and told her to look at me. Every time I spun a nice thread and tried to fasten it to a branch the wind blew and tore it away. This happened several times; but at last I made one that did not break, and

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fastened it, and spun other threads to join it. Then the mother smiled. 'What a patient spider!' she said.

"The little girl smiled, too, and took up her work. And when the sun went down there was a beautiful web in the rose vine, and a square of beautiful patchwork on the doorstep."

The use of patience is not always apparent. We say, so often, "What's the use?" But be patient; it will pay. Be patient; we shall know the reason in due time.

An Eastern king was once in need of a faithful servant. He gave notice that he wanted a man to do a day's work, and two men came and asked to be employed. He engaged them both for certain fixed wages, and set them to work to fill a basket with water from a neighboring well, saying he would come in the evening and see their work. He then left them to themselves and went away.

After putting in one or two bucketfuls, one of the men said: "What is the use of doing this useless work? As soon as we put the water in on one side, it runs out on the other."

The other man answered: "But we have our day's wages, haven't we? The use of the work is the master's business, not ours."

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"I am not going to do such fool's work," replied the other, and throwing down his bucket he went away.

The other man continued his work till, about sunset, he exhausted the well. Looking down into it, he saw something shining at the bottom. He let down his bucket once more and drew up a precious diamond ring.

"Now I see the use of pouring water into a basket!" he exclaimed to himself. "If the water had brought up the ring before the well was dry, it would have been found in the basket. The labor was not useless, after all."

But he had yet to learn why the king had ordered this apparently useless task. It was to test their *capacity for perfect obedience*, without which no servant is reliable.

At this moment the king came up to him, and, as he bade the man keep the ring, he said: "Thou hast been faithful in a little thing; now I see I can trust thee in great things. Henceforward thou shalt stand at my right hand."

Is not this a good lesson to teach us, to be patient and faithful in the small duties of each day as well as the large ones; to do everything, no matter how small? Little acts of duty in the shape of kindness go a great way when done for Jesus's sake.

SPEAR THRUSTS

One of the soldiers with a spear pierced his side.—
John 19. 34.

JESUS was already dead upon the cross when his body received this spear thrust. Who performed this act? Tradition has handed down that the soldier who pierced the side of Christ with the spear was called Longinus. This man, it is said, was one of the soldiers appointed to guard the cross, and was converted by the miracles which attended the crucifixion. He was also set with the band who watched the sepulcher, and was the only one who refused to be bribed by money to say that the body of Christ had been stolen by the disciples. For his fidelity to the truth Pilate resolved on his destruction; but for a time Longinus managed to escape. He left the army to devote himself entirely to the work of the gospel; but he did this without getting a legal discharge from military life. He and two of his fellow soldiers retired to Cappadocia, where they began to preach; but, at the instigation of the Jews, Pilate sent after them as deserters, beheaded them, and had their heads brought to him at Jerusalem.

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Whether it was the right or the left side that was pierced has been a matter of serious discussion among divines and physicians, upon which subject they have not yet agreed. A famous painter, Luke Cranache by name, whose work of the crucifixion was once at Augsburg, does not have a wound on either side of the Saviour's body. When asked for a reason he said, "I will do it when I am informed which side was pierced."

It does not matter which side of Jesus was pierced, but let us be interested in that "forthwith came thereout blood and water." It may be naturally supposed that the spear went through the pericardium and pierced the heart; that the water proceeded from the former and the blood from the latter. Ambrose and Augustine and also Chrysostom make the blood an emblem of the Eucharist and the water an emblem of baptism. Others represent them as the emblems of the old and new covenants. Protestants have thought them the emblems of justification, which is through the blood of the Lamb; and sanctification, which is by regeneration.

Dr. Lightfoot thinks that there is a reference here to the rock in the wilderness which Moses smote twice, and which, according to

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the Jews, "poured out blood at the first stroke, and water at the second."

Saint Paul says (1 Cor. 10. 4), "That Rock was Christ;" and the evangelist says the soldier pierced his side, and there came out water and blood.

But did not Christ receive spear thrusts prior to his death? Yes, many. Here are some of them:

1. The spear thrust of a Kiss (betrayal):

"Now he that betrayed him gave them a sign, saying, Whomsoever I shall kiss, that same is he: hold him fast. And forthwith he came to Jesus, and said, Hail, master; and kissed him" (Matt. 26. 48, 49).

2. The spear thrust of Denial:

"Now Peter sat without in the palace: and a damsel came unto him, saying, Thou also wast with Jesus of Galilee. But he denied before them all, saying, I know not what thou sayest" (Matt. 26. 69, 70).

3. The spear thrust of False Accusation:

"And when he was accused of the chief priests and elders, he answered nothing" (Matt. 27. 12).

4. The spear thrust of Envy:

"Therefore when they were gathered together, Pilate said unto them, Whom will ye

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that I release unto you? Barabbas, or Jesus which is called Christ? For he knew that for envy they had delivered him" (Matt. 27. 17, 18).

5. The spear thrust of Mocking:

"And they stripped him, and put on him a scarlet robe. And when they had platted a crown of thorns, they put it upon his head, and a reed in his right hand: and they bowed the knee before him, and mocked him, saying, Hail, King of the Jews! And they spit upon him, and took the reed, and smote him on the head. And after that they had mocked him, they took the robe off from him, and put his own raiment on him, and led him away to crucify him" (Matt. 27. 28-31).

There were other spear thrusts made in the heart of Christ, namely:

Derision, Unbelief,

Silence,

Hatred,

Malice,

Jealousy,

Sarcasm,

Criticism,

Delay.

GOD'S CARE FOR HIS CHILDREN

He that toucheth you toucheth the apple of his eye.
—Zech. 2. 8.

THE eye is the organ of sight or vision. It is nearly of a spherical figure, and composed of coats or tunics. In the use of the term here we include the ball and the parts adjacent. How sensitive to the slightest touch or atom! What care we take to shield it! The nerves centering about the eye telegraph to other parts of the body when that organ is injured or even slightly touched, until it would seem that all parts of the body are in sympathy with and care for the eye.

1. Notice that the eye is a little thing compared to some other parts of the body; so, likewise know, God cares for little things and little people. Henry Drummond tells of a little girl who once said to her father: "Papa, I want you to say something to God for me, something I want to tell him very much. I have such a little voice that I don't think he could hear it away up in heaven; but you have a great big man's voice, and he will be sure to hear you." The father took his little girl in his arms, and told her that even though God were at that moment

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surrounded by all his holy angels, sounding on their golden harps and singing to him one of the grandest and sweetest songs of praise ever heard in heaven, he was sure that he would say to them: "Hush! Stop the singing for a little while. There's a little girl, away down on the earth, who wants to whisper something in my ear."

2. Note also that God is acquainted with all our interests minutely. He knows in detail. Paul's words in Heb. 4. 15 justifies this belief: "For we have not an high priest which cannot be touched with the feeling of our infirmities; but was in all points tempted like as we are, yet without sin." Indeed, the Master himself said, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me." What affects us touches him. To illustrate: A remarkable exhibition of maternal instinct in a spider is described in *Pearls and Pebbles*, by Mrs. Trail. The author was wandering one morning by the shore of a Canadian lake, when she noticed in a bush a curious ball of yellowish silk. It was about the size of a pigeon's egg and was held in place by a number of fine lines. On Mrs. Trail's touching one of the lines, dozens of small spiders rushed out from the ball; and from the bottom of the

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bush, to which several of the threads were attached, came a large black spider. Up she hurried to the rescue of her family. Examining the lines and finding nothing injured, she apparently ordered the frightened little ones back. As soon as she saw them safely housed, she retired to her post at the foot of the bush. Again Mrs. Trail touched one of the strings; the little ones again ran out, and up came the mother, angry at being annoyed, but anxious to see what caused the vibration. Close observation showed Mrs. Trail that a thread was attached to each of the little spiders and fastened to the center of the web, and thus the mother knew of anything that agitated her brood. Are we not assured by our text that he who endowed his creatures with such marvelous skill exercises even greater care in the protection of his children? And is it not comforting to know that somehow we are related or attached to God so securely that

“There’s not an hour that he is not near us,
No, not one! no not one!
No night so dark but his love can cheer us,
No, not one! no, not one!”

Standing on the top of the Cheviot Hills, a little son’s hand closed in his, a father taught the measure of the measureless love of God.

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Pointing northward over Scotland, then southward over England, then eastward over the German Ocean, then westward over hill and dale, and then, sweeping his hand and his eye round the whole circling horizon, he said, Johnny, my boy, God's love is as big as all that!" "Why, father," the boy cheerily replied, with sparkling eyes, "then we must be in the very middle of it!"

PUNCTUALITY

Time is short.—1 Cor. 7. 29.

THE only time to form habits is while young. As to bad habits, we are either too young or too old to form them. Punctuality is a good habit. There is just enough of time for everything and everybody; none to waste and none to misuse. Some people we know seem to have time to spare. But this is a mark of laziness. These very people commit murder—*they kill time*. This is a very bad habit.

Most people would lengthen their days. Cecil Rhodes, as he came to the end of his career, said, "So little done, so much to do!" Do not waste your time, for thereby you waste the time of some one else. This you have no right to do. Yet some people out West do that very thing. They do it in various ways. They do it in church. If services begin at eleven o'clock we should be in our seat ready for worship. When a woman with a gorgeous hat sails up the aisle during the first hymn even the saints will turn their heads, and the minister is tempted to quote inwardly an imprecatory psalm. A sensible person once said,

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"It is a part of my religion not to disturb the religion of others."

Do not be a late comer. At every lecture or concert you see these late comers. Singers and speakers are sensitive, and these interruptions break the spell and distract the audience. Reserved seats are a nuisance. If you are late take a back chair, for that is where you belong. We should be merciful to the rest of the audience. Be punctual in meeting engagements. To meet a friend at 3 P. M. does not mean 3:15 or even 3:05. Do not steal your friend's time any more quickly than his pocketbook. Families suffer from this same trouble. Because one member hugs his pillow, breakfast is delayed amid general lamentation. Visitors sometimes are guilty of this breach. Guests are late at parties on purpose. It is not polite to be first. It is certainly disgraceful, we think, to be last. O, these slow coaches!

When Washington's secretary was late he said to him, "You will have to get a new watch, or I will have to get another secretary."

Be punctual, everywhere, with everybody. It will pay.

THINGS TO HOLD ON TO

Hold that fast which thou hast.—Rev. 3. 11.

1. HOLD on to Truth.

What is truth? Conformity to fact, reality. The wisest man who ever lived said, "My mouth shall speak truth," and we cannot afford to do less. The truth in one's life shines out like the gold metal in the ore. To hold on to truth is to be steadfast, unwavering, and unmovable. This cable never slips nor breaks.

2. Hold on to your Friends.

We cannot afford to lose a single friend. "Laugh, and the world laughs with you; weep, and you weep alone," is not true when you have friends. They dry tears, carry burdens, and make sunshine. Hold fast to your friends.

3. Hold on to your Home.

The home is the garden spot of the world. The great Spurgeon once said, "When home is ruled according to God's Word angels might be asked to stay with us, and they would not find themselves out of their element." Another writes: "It is the golden setting in which the brightest jewel is mother." Then why not hold on to one's home? The Bible gives us an ac-

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count of a boy who did not hold on to his home, and do you know what happened? We call him the Prodigal. Suppose you read Luke 15. 11-24. Home is where we get our start in life. All the great men and women of the world came from homes.

4. Hold on to the Church and Sabbath School.

Bishop Fowler said: "The Sabbath school is the artist of the church, putting the impress upon the clay before it is burned. It has about 3,175,000 lumps of susceptibilities now receiving the Master's image and superscription." The Sabbath school keeps us in good company, and teaches us the sweet grace which adorns with matchless beauty the life of a Christian. Therefore never let go of the Sunday school, as we never can become too old to be among its scholars.

The church is the mother of the school. If we hold on to the one we shall surely become a member of the other. He who holds on to the church in spirit will never go astray. To be numbered among God's people is one of the highest honors within our reach. Here we are gloriously exalted and reach to our full height. Hold on to the church and it will hold you up to God.

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5. Hold on to Christ.

He is the Way, the Truth, and the Life. He knows the way, he leads aright. A hold on Christ means salvation. The arm of faith is the means of taking hold. Know, also, that Christ is always within reach. A hold on Christ is assurance. Then let us now

"Take hold, hold on. Hold fast and never let go!
No matter how the wind in the tempest may blow,
Take hold and never let go!"

THE BEST SIDE OF LIFE

Who is on the Lord's side.—Exod. 32. 26.

By this call Moses ascertains who are on the Lord's side and who are bowing to Aaron's molten calf. The Lord's side of life is the bright side. But, says one, "There isn't always a bright side." Isn't there? Are you sure? Well, if not, then take the dark side and polish it. Let us try to find the bright side, however. Some find a bright side more quickly than others.

Some Christian women in their visits among the poor found an invalid woman in a dark room from which every ray of light seemed to be excluded. There was one spot, however, where she could lay her head on the pillow and through a crack in the roof see a patch of bright sky. And on this spot she delighted to keep her head all the time on clear days, while she gazed on the blue sky, the floating, fleecy clouds, and at night the twinkling stars. When asked how she could endure such a gloomy abode she called attention to the patch of sky, and insisted that all should take a look at it, while she spoke of the great pleasure it afforded her.

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However dark our surroundings, there is a patch of sky somewhere, and it is our duty to find it. When cloudy days shut it from view we have only to wait until the clouds have rolled, and it will then appear all the brighter for the intervening gloom.

"There are nettles everywhere,
But smooth green grasses are more common still:
The blue heaven is larger than the cloud."

The following incident teaches a timely lesson:

Flora and May were walking up the street of a great city each side of which was shut in by tall buildings. May looked straight ahead of her and saw only a gray, gloomy-looking bit of sky, and said, complainingly, "What dark, dismal, disagreeable weather we are having!" "Why, May," answered Flora, "it is clearing off beautifully. Just look up higher, dear." May raised her eyes and, behold, above the dark clouds she had been watching was the sunlit sky of splendid, perfect blue.

Here is another illustration to the same point, and it is perfectly true, too:

A washerwoman in a miserable tenement house was asked how she managed to always keep singing amid her discouraging surround-

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ings. "O," answered she, "because there is always a good, refreshing breeze in the alley." She looked bravely for the bright side, then

"Forgot that she bore the burden,
And carried away the song."

To every such brave soul God giveth songs in the night. Let us assiduously cultivate the profitable habit of looking on the bright side, for "behind every storm of trial and every cloud of sorrow is the heavenly blue of Christ's unchangeable love."

Some one expresses the thought in these lines:

"It is better to smile than to frown,
It is better to laugh than to cry;
It is better to look on the sunny side
Than to look on the dark and sigh."

The Lord's side of life is the busy side. Busy helping another—what greater service has man done than this? Indeed, what is service but serving another? What came the Master for? You answer, quickly, "To help us." Just so. And what better can we do? Let me state it again: The Best Side of Life is the busy side—busy helping another. Let me prove it:

A twelve-year-old girl was once traveling in a railway coach with her father. It was

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one of those raw and gloomy days when there is a general feeling of uncomfortableness. There was a crying baby in the train, and a cross old lady, who found herself sitting in a draught from a neighbor's open window. She turned and glared savagely at the man who had opened the window, and he glared back. A passenger had left his bag in the aisle, and the trainman, stumbling over it, kicked it and muttered ugly words under his breath. A woman asked about the next station so many times that the conductor growled it out, and slammed the door as he left for the next coach.

The girl had just asked her father a question. It was this, "What is unconscious influence?" Her father began to study how he could answer her. It was a very hard thing to define. Just then a young man came into the car. He was evidently a traveling man. He shook off the rain and the sleet from his overcoat and looked pleasantly around on the company. He spoke cordially to the trainman and conductor, and when he saw a girl struggling with her bag, which she could not put in the high rack, he put it up for her in such a spirit of willing service that even the baby stopped howling to look at him. He grinned gleefully

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at the baby and its anxious mother, as if a crying baby was not the least disturbance in the world, and settled down to read the morning paper. He did not seem to have the least idea how much sunshine and good cheer he had brought in with him.

The man with the open window put it down, and the old lady who had felt rheumatism coming over her shoulders thanked him warmly. A man found a red apple in his pocket and gave it to the cross baby, which made it willing to sit on the seat while the mother rested. The passenger put his bag where people would not stumble over it, and the trainman and conductor grew very gracious. The girl had been taking it all in.

"What a nice young man!" she said; "I wish he was my big brother."

"Yes," answered her father, "he has been exerting an influence of which he was not conscious, and everybody in this car has felt it. How good of him to answer your question so much better than I could possibly have done."

START RIGHT

I will teach you the right way.—1 Sam. 12. 23.

THERE is always a right way; find it.

There is every advantage in a good start. Everything should begin right. The mechanic must begin right when he takes a new job. The builder must start his house right. The boy or girl at school early learns that if the problems are not started right they never get the answer. We must begin each day right. How can we do that? By prayer. No one can get along so well during the day as he who begins it with prayer. Take time to start right.

"Dear me!" said little Janet, "I buttoned just one button wrong, and that makes all the rest go wrong." Then she tugged and fretted as if the poor button was to blame. "Patience, patience, my dear," said mother. "The next time look out for the first wrong button, then you will keep the rest all right. And," added mother, "look out for the first wrong deed of any kind, for another and another is sure to follow." Janet remembered how one day, not long ago, she struck baby Alice—that was the

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first wrong deed. Then she denied having done it—that was another. Then she was unhappy and cross all day because she had been untruthful. Thus you see a long list of buttons fastened wrong, just because the first one was wrong!

The pistol shot rang out, and the race was on. But at the very beginning the man whom many had picked to win stumbled, and lost a yard. It was only a yard, but it cost him the race. *He didn't start right!*

College had opened, and work had begun, but the autumn days wooed the student out of doors. "I can leave this history till later," he said; "I can easily make it up." And while his fellows worked his days slipped by in idleness. The time of testing came apace, and the student began to see the wasted past. In earnest now, he gave himself to the work, but somehow dates and facts will not stay fixed with a few hours' study, and he failed. *He hadn't started right!*

His mother got up at six o'clock to get his breakfast; he slept until seven. Then he came down, and found fault because the steak was not done just to his taste. He slammed the door behind him as he left the house, and hardly spoke to his best friend as he passed

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him on the street. He had spoiled the day for his mother, and had hurt his friend. But that was not all. At the office things did not go just as he would have them, and what he said and did made a young man, with whom he had been talking about becoming a Christian, say, "Well, now! I wonder if he really meant it when he said 'Christ does save a man.'" *He had not started the day right!*

In starting out for Christ we must begin right. A young man rose from the altar, knowing that Christ had given him new life, and resolved to be faithful to his new Master. But he did not think it necessary to give up the evenings at the rendezvous in the barber shop, and he saw no harm in an occasional game of pool with some of his old friends at the pool room. Before long his prayers lost their helpfulness. Then he stopped praying altogether. He did not begin right. He failed, consequently.

Start right, with the future in view. In an Iowa town some years ago a large business block was approaching completion, when it was discovered that the foundation was defective. It was torn down and rebuilt at great expense of time and money all because the builder had been careless in the beginning.

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Many lives need entire reconstruction because they are being built on an unsafe foundation. Christ is the only safe and sure rock on which one can build permanently. He who builds on any sandy foundation, however secure it may look, builds only to see all his life wrecked and lost.

WHAT TO LEARN NOW

Learn to do well.—Isa. i. 17.

THERE are many things which boys and girls should learn now which will influence their lives in future years. If not learned now they may never be learned, and the life will always be lacking. Among the number we name the following:

1. Learn to be courteous, gallant, polite.
2. Learn to be friendly; make and keep friends.
3. Learn to see the bright side of everything and to make dark things bright.
4. Learn to laugh, not giggle. A good laugh is a tonic; much better than medicine.
5. Learn to love good books and to hate bad ones.

MAKING SUNSHINE

Truly the light is sweet, and a pleasant thing it is for the eyes to behold the sun.—Eccl. 11. 7.

GOD makes the sun to shine from the heavens. It is free! The pauper has it as well as the prince. Everybody, everything, likes it. The grass, trees, flowers, and all nature both likes and needs it. Animals, birds, children, grown-up folk, like and need it.

Read Longfellow on "A Day of Sunshine":

"O gift of God! O perfect day,
Wherein shall no man work, but play,
Wherein it is enough for me
Not to be doing, but to be
Through every fiber of my brain,
Through every nerve, through every vein,
I feel the electric thrill, the touch
Of life, that seems almost too much.
I heard the wind among the trees
Playing celestial symphonies;
I see the branches downward bent,
Like keys of some great instrument."

Sunshine is necessary. It is health to the body. It is happiness to the soul. We must not have a heavy heart, nor let anybody else have one if we can help it. You, ask, What, can I make sunshine? Certainly you can, and

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you must. I know a boy, Stanley Miller by name, who had received an accident, who really made sunshine for well and strong people. His smiles were sunbeams. For many weeks it seemed that he could hardly live, or, if he did, that he must remain a cripple; but at last there was hope, indeed, almost a certainty, that sometime he might be well.

O, what pathetic patience children have under suffering that would daunt men! And Stanley had scarcely murmured, only as his head cleared and his eyes brightened the blank brick wall of the next house, which was all he could see from his bedroom window, became very tiresome. At last his mother, so tender in love and sympathy, moved his bed into her little parlor and placed it by a window.

O, how good the street looked to the boy! His heart seemed to fill and glow with love for every person, and even the horses and dogs, that passed his window.

"But, mamma," he said, after a time, "the people can see me, too; and they turn and look, and look so sorry for me. I don't want to make folks feel bad, mamma!"

"My dear, they can't help feeling sorry for a boy who has to be shut in from all the bright summer weather; but if they see that you look

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cheerful and smiling that will make them glad again. You have been so good and patient all along, dearie, that it has made the trouble easier for us all."

And so the passers-by who looked in the window of the little house on Dean Street saw the smiling face of a child who lay bolstered up on his pillows; and soon many of them gave him an answering smile and nod.

"I'm getting to know the folks," said Stanley, after a while. The Millers had only moved on that street a few months before, and had made but few acquaintances. "I know just what time the regular ones go by, mamma. It's fun to watch for 'em, an' they 'most always smile at me."

At last, when the days grew warm enough for the sash to be raised, one and another would stop outside for a word or so, and gifts of fruit and flowers and picture papers were passed inside. The children came and talked to the invalid, and lent him their toys and books; and the hurdy-gurdy men played their most rollicking tunes for his pleasure.

Stanley never dreamed that his smiling face was a real help to others; but one morning a carpenter said to a comrade: "I used to go grumbling to my work on account of being a

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little lame with rheumatiz, but since I've seen him a-layin' there so cheerful I've been ashamed of myself, and am thankful that I'm able to walk an' do my day's work. The little chap's been a real blessin' to me!"

When at last the bed was taken away, and the boy could sit on the steps or go a little way up and down the street, he found that he had smiled his way into hundreds of loving hearts.

Some good people think they do not have any sunshine in their nature. But if they would only try to let it out they would find the contrary to be true. What is the light of our fires? What is the heat of coal? Sunshine. The celebrated George Stephenson called it "bottled sunshine." He was right. Coal is made of vegetable matter which existed on the earth millions of years ago. It absorbed the light of the sun. Then came tremendous volcanic revolutions. It was buried, changed into coal, and now, when lit, it gives out the sunshine long ago received. It is much the same with the other kind of sunshine. Sunshine of soul is not difficult to get. It may be had anywhere. Sydney Smith was right in what he once wrote: "Many in this world run after felicity, like an absent-minded man hunting for his hat, while all the time it is on his

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head or in his hand." So we have sunshine within and about us if we would but use it.

A good-natured German newsboy, crying "Telegraph," jumped on a car, smiling, and such a happy smile that it fairly transfigured his dust-begrimed face and made his brown eyes dance merrily.

"Looks like meine mutter, her wid white hair," he said to himself as he saw a very old lady sitting in a corner. But the old lady was unconscious of the newsboy's presence, and sat placidly smiling to herself.

But a younger woman, who had been shopping all day, although she looked quite fresh, saw the newsboy's happy face, and looked up in a half-startled way. It looked like a sudden flash of sunlight. Then, with a quick movement, she unfastened the rose from her belt and slipped it into the lap of the working girl who sat next her. The girl was too confused at first to say, "Thank you." But her eyes smiled a shy happiness, looking from the lady to the rose, hardly knowing which seemed the more beautiful. It was a pink rose, and its outer petals drooped a bit from the heat, and by the time the girl stepped off the car it was wilted indeed, but its perfume arose, strong and sweet as ever. The girl was tired when

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she reached home, and her feet burned like fire, but before taking off her heavy shoes she placed the rose in a glass of cold water. The little rose straightened itself up by degrees. It was not to die. Life was still there, too sweet a thing to give up so easily. The girl smiled as she looked at it; then suddenly the kind eyes of the woman who gave it to her flashed before her. She took the flower to Mrs. Ellis, who lived in another part of the house.

"I've brought you a rose," she said to the sick woman, who lay pale and languid in the hot room close under the roof.

The invalid opened her eyes and smiled. She had not smiled for weeks. "Bring it here to me," she said. For a long, long while the smile remained upon her face. The busy doctor, coming into the room, saw it. Then he looked at the rose and noticed with what a rapt look of love the sick woman was regarding it. She had been simply "a patient" to him before. Now, as he looked at the one upon the pillow, he felt a personal sorrow that her life was as near its close as that of the flower she held. That night the rose was placed in her cold hands. She had asked for it with her last breath, and then smiled as the physician placed it within her grasp. That last smile spoke of

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another world. Later, when Nurse Porter encountered the doctor his usually steady eyes held a look that contained an uplift for her.

"Mrs. Ellis is dead. But—she was content," he said, and passed on.

The nurse went to her patients, thinking that there were kinder depths in Dr. Hotchkiss's heart than she had dreamed. And she in turn was kinder, more gentle with her patients. She was especially tender to the new accident case—a small newsboy who had been hurt by a passing wagon.

"Why are you so good to me?" the child asked, in happy wonderment.

Nurse Porter made no answer, only cuddled one of his small brown hands close in her strong white ones. But if she had known she might have said: "I am good to you, my little newsboy, because of your happy thought. It has journeyed far and come back to you again. It has gone from the burning heart of the great city to the cool of that green field where many lie quietly sleeping; farther than that, even, has it gone—to the very throne of God. It has cheered the dying and been tenderly laid on the breast of the dead. But itself can never die, little one. It will live always. Men will grow better for it; women, happier. Cities

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may be changed and worlds conquered by one happy thought. For as the thoughts are, so will our lives be."

Let's make sunshine by helping some one to smile. One S. E. Kiser wrote:

"If there were smiles for sale
At some market where
The rich, the poor, the low, the high,
Might hurry with their change to buy,
What crowds would gather there!

"Yet there are smiles enough,
And each might have his share,
If every man would do or say
One—just one—kind thing every day
To lift some other's care."

PROFANITY

Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain; for the Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh his name in vain.—Exod. 20. 7.

THIS, the third commandment, as were the other nine, was given to Moses, and through him to the people, on Mount Sinai by God.

Christ said in his Sermon on the Mount: "Swear not at all; neither by heaven; for it is God's throne: nor by the earth; for it is his footstool: neither by Jerusalem; for it is the city of the great King." This commandment, therefore, is of universal and everlasting obligation; and its violation is an act of guilt that will assuredly involve the delinquent in the displeasure of God.

What is profanity? Calling on God or appealing to his name for a confirmation of a lie by calling upon him to curse ourselves or others—all light and irreverent uses of the name of God. Jesus showed the importance of this commandment by presenting it as the first petition in his prayer, as, "Hallowed be thy name."

Profanity is a mere habit, a careless habit,

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an unreasonable habit, a useless habit, a sinful habit, a growing habit. Profanity is a sign of weakness.

Did I say it was a useless habit? Yes! And I say it again: Useless! Did a volley of oaths ever start a heavy load? Did they ever extirpate meanness from a customer? Did they ever collect a bad debt? Did they ever cure a toothache? Did they ever stop the twinge of the rheumatism? Did they ever help you forward one step in the right direction? Come, now, tell me, ye who have had the most experience in this habit, how much have you made out of it? Five thousand dollars in all your life? No. One thousand? No. One hundred? No. One dollar? No. One cent? No. If the habit be so utterly useless, away with it!

Is there a cure for it? Yes, indeed; a cure for all sin! "But," you say, "I have struggled to overcome the habit a long while, and I have not been successful." You struggled in your own strength, my brother. If ever a man wants God, it is in such a crisis of his history. God alone, by his grace, can emancipate you from that trouble. Call upon him day and night, that you may be delivered from this crime. Remember, also, in the cure of this

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habit, that it arouses God's indignation. The Bible reiterates, from chapter to chapter, and verse after verse, the fact that it is accursed for this life, and that it makes a man miserable for eternity. There is not a sin in all the catalogue that is so often peremptorily prohibited.

We hear profanity everywhere. Parents swear in the presence of their children. Consequently children swear in the presence of their parents. Thus, in our day, you might come to the conclusion that there was some great advantage to be reaped from profanity. Blasphemy is all abroad. You hear it in every direction: The drayman swearing at his cart, the sewing girl imprecating the tangled skein, the accountant cursing the long line of troublesome figures. Swearing at the store, swearing in the loft, swearing in the cellar, swearing on the street, swearing in the factory. Children swear. Men swear. Women swear. Swearing, from the rough calling on the Almighty in the low restaurant, clear up to the reckless "O Lord!" of a glittering drawing room; and the one is as much blasphemy as the other. Those whom we meet in street cars, in any public place, in the presence of ladies and children, do not hesitate to use profanity.

A servant girl, whose master cursed her be-

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cause she had broken something, and demanded, "What have you broken now?" said she was "glad it was not the third commandment."

So we must rebuke those who use profanity—frown it down. Sometimes a gentle reminder will be effective, since so much of it is through carelessness.

A gentleman coming from the far West sat in the car day after day behind two persons who were indulging in profanity. He made up his mind that he would make a record of their profanities, and at the end of two days several sheets of paper were covered with these imprecations, and at the close of the journey he handed the manuscript to one of the persons in front of him.

"Is it possible," said the man, "that we have uttered so many profanities the last few days?"

"It is," replied the gentleman.

"Then," said the man who had taken the paper, "I will never swear again."

The profanity of mankind has become so common that we are prone to lose sight of its sinfulness, and forget the curse of God upon it. It meets us on the street and in the train; amid the grandeur of the mountains and by the sounding sea. Perchance, it grates harshly

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on our ears, or mayhap, because it is so commonplace, it is scarcely noted; but yet the fact of its existence remains. It adds nothing to emphasis; it does not elevate its user in the sight of his fellows; it lowers the standard of manhood, which can be expressed in the single word gentleman. We may best correct it by our own example, and by the reminder to the offender of the enormity of his guilt, and God's wrath against those that take his name in vain.

God will punish the user of profanity. The following occurrence is related by an old Methodist preacher who was also a physician. He was a man whose character and standing as a Christian gentleman and whose veracity as a man of truth had never been questioned:

One summer's morning he was called to see a sick man some miles in the country. He remained with his patient until in the afternoon. It was in a portion of country sparsely settled. On his return home he saw that a dark cloud was coming toward him. The cloud, with its vivid flashes of lightning and loud rolling of thunder, was approaching rapidly. The only shelter nearer than two miles was a grocery store, which also contained a grog shop. In the store was the keeper and two of the wickedest men in all the country. The physician,

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having hitched his horse, gathered his saddle and medicine cases and went into the grocery for shelter from the approaching storm. The two wicked men were under the influence of liquor, and of all the bitter oaths that had ever fallen upon that good man's ears he said the oaths from those two men were the worst.

The cloud, with its turbulent thunder peals, was by this time overhead. The storekeeper said at length: "Gentlemen, I am no Christian, but I want to say to you two that your awful cussing is too much for me. God will strike you and maybe all of us dead right here with a stroke of lightning if you don't hush your bitter oaths." The leader and worst one of the two rolled up his sleeves, went to the door, and cursed God and defied him to come with his lightning; that he was ready for him, and would quickly show him that he was more than a match for him.

The old physician said that at that moment a terrible bolt and blinding flash of lightning descended on the house, which seemed to set it on a lurid flame of fire from one end to the other, inside and outside. Quick as thought the blinding light was gone, and only a fog of sulphuric smoke remained from the awful blast. In a minute that had disappeared, and

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there lay God's defier in a heap, having sunken down on his feet, just as an empty garment, when held up and let loose, would have done. The physician helped the other men to lay him aside for the time being, and said he did not examine the body closely, but did not believe there was a piece of bone in his body two inches long.

At Catskill, New York, a group of men stood in a blacksmith's shop during a violent thunderstorm. There came a crash of thunder, and some of the men trembled. One man said: "Why, I don't see what you are afraid of. I am not afraid to go out in front of the shop and defy the Almighty. I am not afraid of lightning." And he laid a wager on the subject, and he went out, and he shook his fist at the heavens, crying, "Strike, if you dare!" and instantly he fell under a bolt.

There is scarcely a city, town, or village but can give illustrations of men struck down at the moment of imprecation. My opinion is that such cases occur somewhere every day, but for various reasons they are not reported.

In Scotland a club assembled every week for purposes of wickedness, and there was a competition as to which could use the most horrid oath, and the man who succeeded was to be

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president of the club. The competition went on. A man uttered an oath which confounded all his comrades, and he was made president of the club. His tongue began to swell, and it protruded from the mouth, and he could not draw it in, and he died.

The more flagrant the crime of blasphemy the more fearfully conspicuous the penalty, as shown in the repeated destruction following the insolent bravado of the pagan emperor, Hadrian, and the still more despicable course of Julian the Apostate, who, having confessed Christ in his earlier years, when he became emperor laughed in scorn at the Christian religion, and, like Hadrian, whose infamy he inherited, was visited with awful judgments. Nothing so hardens the heart as the sin of profanity. God will repeat his judgment among modern nations. On the highway between Margate and Ramsgate, seaport towns in Kent, England, stands a monument bearing this inscription: "A child dropped dead on this spot while swearing!" A certain doctor boasted that he could cure any case of diphtheria that was brought to him, and laughed in scorn at the idea of prayer for its relief; even cursed God in his mad defiance and self-conceit. Yet that night four of his children

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died of diphtheria! Yet he still remained impenitent until two other boys were taken and then a daughter. Finally his last child, another daughter, was seized with the fatal epidemic, and her last dying entreaties so broke him down that he became a changed man and was subsequently a zealous worker in the Five Points Mission of New York city.

THE FILTHY WEED

Let us cleanse ourselves from all filthiness of the flesh.—2 Cor. 7. 1.

THIS is good advice. Let us take it! If all did there would be less filth in mouths and more money in pockets.

A certain minister, when preaching on cleanliness, mentioned how he had seen a brass monkey in his town set up in a store with a cigar in its mouth. The cigar was lighted, and by machinery the monkey could draw the smoke from the cigar and puff it out again. The works stopped on one occasion, and the monkey was taken apart to discover the cause, when the works were found to be clogged and in a filthy condition. The moral was drawn by the preacher thus: "If tobacco smoke will stop the works of a brass monkey what will it do for you?"

Tobacco injures the body. The poison injures the gums, teeth, throat, heart, stomach, bones, and muscles. It impairs the senses of smelling, hearing, seeing, and tasting. It injures the nervous system, hinders bodily growth, weakens the memory, produces ir-

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ritability, and enfeebles the intellect. A pound of tobacco contains, on an average, three hundred and eighty grains of deadly poison, of which one tenth of a grain will kill a dog in three minutes. A few drops of tobacco juice will kill a cat. A dog hates the nasty stuff. Hogs would rather starve than eat tobacco. Thirty years ago old Columbus, a great elephant, was very wise and could play many tricks at the circus. A young man thought he would play a trick on old Columbus, and gave him a piece of tobacco. Instantly the elephant seized the young man with his proboscis and threw him on a bundle of hay. Dave never attempted again to give tobacco to an elephant. If all boys and men would spurn tobacco like old Columbus our world would be cleaner and more wealthy. It has been estimated that there is enough nicotine contained in one year's crop of tobacco to destroy every living creature on the face of the globe.

The time has come to others, it may come to us, when the question of life or death will depend on our sobriety and general healthiness. There are great, portly, robust-looking men so full of disease that the prick of a pin may kill them, and there are other men so clean

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and healthful that you might almost run them through a threshing machine, and the fragments when put together would knit and heal.

A young laboring man was brought to a certain hospital with a badly lacerated hand. He had fallen upon an old cotton hook, and it had gone entirely through the palm of his hand, carrying with it rust and dirt. The wound was kept open so it would suppurate freely and be readily cleansed. As time passed on the hand became very much swollen, turned black, and the surgeons watched carefully for signs of blood poisoning, fearing that the entire hand would have to be amputated to save the life of its possessor. These signs not appearing, it then became a question whether more of the hand could be saved than the thumb and first two fingers. As the hand became no worse, the surgeon delayed operating on it, and after a time it began to mend, and finally healed entirely.

"Young man," said the surgeon to the patient, as the danger was passing away, "do you use alcohol in any form?"

"No, sir."

"Do you use tobacco?"

"No, sir."

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With a wave of his hand, a nod of his head, the surgeon murmured:

"That is what has saved your hand."

Tissues degenerated by stimulants cannot resist the attack of accident and disease as can tissues that are formed only of wholesome and nutritious food.

The use of tobacco is a dear business. I know a man who thought he could not afford to give anything to the church, but who could afford ten cents a day for tobacco. A young man standing by a fruit stand heard a plaintive voice ask, "O! couldn't I have an orange, papa? Just this one?" The child was a little cripple drawn in a cart by his mother, whose pale, pitiful face, lifted so wistfully toward the fruit, told of much suffering.

"I wish he could, John. 'Twould do him so much good."

"He can't; I haven't a cent to spare."

The words were spoken decidedly, but not unkindly, as the young father stepped up to the stand and threw down ten cents for a paper of tobacco. The young man who watched them had never deadened his sensibilities by the use of the narcotic. He stepped quickly to the stand, and, filling a bag with luscious fruit, laid it in the boy's lap. He was more

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than repaid by the glow of surprise and pleasure that lighted the pale face of the invalid boy.

The use of tobacco is a dear business.

A little boy came home from school one Sunday, where, after the temperance lesson, a pledge against liquor and tobacco was presented. "I didn't sign the pledge," he said to his mother. "I am going to leave whisky alone, but when I am a young man I am going to smoke the best cigars, as father does."

"You had better count the cost," his mother said.

"How old are you, my boy?"

"Eleven."

"And why do you have to leave school so young?"

"Father can't afford to send me."

"If your father had put away twenty cents a day for twenty years, how much money would he have now?"

The boy reckoned it—"\$1,460." He said no more, and went away. But all the week he thought of their poverty and the money that had vanished in smoke. The next Lord's day he signed the pledge. "I am not going to puff away \$1,460 in smoke," he said.

Conversion is the cure for the habit.

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One writes: At the time of my conversion I had been using tobacco—and in no very moderate way—for more than twenty-five years, both chewing and smoking. In a very few days after I came to the Lord I was made to see very clearly that for me the use of tobacco was wrong, and I must give it up. I did so at once, and have never used it since. I was converted at a noonday prayer meeting at Farwell Hall, in Chicago. At the close of the meeting I went into the bookstore underneath, and bought a Testament. For years I had carried my tobacco in my left hip pocket. I took out my tobacco box and put the Testament in the same pocket. On reaching home I gave the tobacco box to my wife, and said, "Keep this until I call for it."

She smiled as she took it, and said, "Going to swear off again, are you?"

"No, I'm not going to swear off," said I, "but you may keep the box until I call for it."

"Well, you will be back after it before the week is out," returned my wife.

You see, she knew me, for I had often tried to give up the habit, but had never been able to do it. But I soon found that there was a great difference in trying to do a thing in my own strength and in the strength of Christ.

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My wife has now kept that box for nearly twenty years, and the same tobacco is in it yet. Giving me deliverance from tobacco was the first great thing the Lord did for me in my Christian life, and this has made it easy for me to look to him for all needed help ever since.

We read, "What? know ye not that your body is the temple of the Holy Ghost" (1 Cor. 6. 19).

We must have clean bodies inside and out. Anything that defiles is sin.

A CHILD'S INFLUENCE

(CHILDREN'S DAY)

A little child shall lead them.—Isa. 11. 6.

FROM this text we notice the superiority of man over the brute creation.

This is a most beautiful picture of the transformation of the wicked to the excellency of the Christian spirit.

We may without impropriety allow these words to suggest thoughts on the way in which the regeneration of character is brought about by a child's influence.

The Jews believed that children were tokens of divine favor and the object of religious interest. They gave children, from their birth, a place in religion.

We have proofs abundant that when God undertakes a great work he usually begins with a little child. Note the case of Moses, the liberator; Samuel; John, the forerunner of Jesus; Timothy, etc. Frequently Christ taught important and far-reaching lessons by and through little children.

A good child is a wise leader. Frequently

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parents are led to Christ by their children. Here is one case in many:

Two little girls were talking together. One of them said something about God.

"There isn't any God," said the other. "My papa says so, and he knows."

"But there is," said her companion. "My papa says there is, and he knows. But," after thinking a moment, "maybe your papa hasn't a God, and that's why he thinks there isn't any."

Then she went on to tell the other about her papa's God.

"That's nice," said the little girl whose father said there was no God. "I wish," very thoughtfully, "my papa had a God!"

Her father—the man who had no God—heard the conversation between the children, and he began to think the matter over as never before. Without a God! He felt alone in the world, and friendless, when the full meaning of the words struck home to him. Had he been mistaken? Was there a God, after all? Night and day he thought about it. "I am in the dark," he cried. "If there is light let me find it!" And he did find it. The other day he heard his little girl say to her friend: "O, I'm so glad! My papa's got a God, too,

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now!" And he thanked the God he has found for the childish words that set him thinking what a terrible thing it is to be a man without a God.

Just how much of heaven a child brings into our homes and hearts, and how near heaven they lead us, we little know.

Said a little girl, "Can I go and help Grandpa Morse along the walk, mamma?"

"Help him!" laughed Guy, before mamma could answer. "Why, you're a little tot of a girl, Bertha, and Grandpa Morse is very tall. He's deaf as a post, too."

"Yes, dearie, you can go," said mamma, as quietly as though Guy had not said a word.

"And I can make him hear with my hand," smiled Bertha.

It did indeed seem like it, for when she slipped her kind little fingers into grandpa's palm his face lighted up at once.

"So you've come to help me along, little one," he said. "Thank you. It's very kind of you. The sky looks so bright off to the west that I wanted to come out and look at it even if the street was rough." And then Bertha squeezed two of his fingers gently. "Yes, yes, I knew you saw it. It makes me

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think how bright and happy it will be in heaven."

And away Grandpa talked, as though the child was telling him she understood it all. When she pulled softly on his hand he seemed to know that there was a rough or muddy place around which he needed to walk.

"You've been such a great help to me; I shall never forget it," said the old man, bending down to kiss Bertha when he was at the gate of his home. "Always think how grandpa's heart was glad because a little one came out to lead him. It's just like the verse in the psalm. Yes, I know you don't want to be praised," he added, as Bertha's fingers moved nervously in his. But good-night, dearie. The Lord bless you."

"Bertha," said mamma, the next morning, when her little girl came downstairs, "Grandpa Morse went home to heaven last evening. Thought he was asleep in his chair, but God had called him home."

"How easy it must have been," answered Bertha. "And didn't he say anything to his folks?"

"Yes, he talked to them much about heaven, and his finger rested on a verse in the Bible, which lay open on his knees. He must have

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been thinking about how you helped him in his walk, for the verse was, 'A little child shall lead them.' "

"O, mamma, I guess he couldn't have been thinking about just the little bit of help I gave him. It's help enough to know I walked with him almost to the edge of heaven. And he said he'd never forget me."

"That will help you always," smiled mamma, tenderly.

THE FIRST GLASS

(TEMPERANCE)

Look not thou upon the wine.—Prov. 23. 31.

IF we never look on wine we will never taste nor handle it. Good advice; take it. If it were not for that first glass we would never have had a drunkard in all the world! Beware of that first glass. That's the glass that created the appetite, maddened the brain, fired the passions, and wrecked the life.

When the explosive materials for the destruction of Hell Gate rock in New York harbor were being stored there were three thousand tubes of nitroglycerine to be handled by one hundred and fifty men. Each man knew that if a single tube dropped all of them would perish as in a space of a breath. Can you imagine with what care they set each tube down? But the first glass has killed more people than the three thousand tubes of nitroglycerine could possibly have reached had they exploded, for about six thousand die yearly from drink in the United States. Sixty thousand boys each year take their first glass in these United States.

The first glass means great waste of money.

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The statement made by so prominent a statistician as David A. Wells is a startling one. He declares that the yearly waste through drink in the United States is at least \$500,000,000. In forty years \$10,000,000,000 have been thus wasted. The annual bill for strong drink in Philadelphia alone is more than \$20,000,000.

"A two-dollar bill came into the hands of a relative of mine," writes a lady in Boston, "which speaks volumes on the horrors of strong drink or the traffic in it. There was written in red ink on the back of it the following: 'Wife, children, and over \$40,000 all gone. I am alone responsible. When I was twenty-one years old I had a fortune. I am not yet thirty-five years old. I have killed my beautiful wife, who died of a broken heart; have murdered my children with neglect. When this bill is gone I do not know how I can get my next meal. I shall die a drunken pauper. This is my last money and my history. If this bill comes into the hands of any man who drinks let him take warning from my life's ruin.'"

Let us take warning from what the first glass has cost others.

The body of a young man was found in one of our cities. In his pocket was a paper on

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which was written the words: "This is the end of a wasted life. Do not ask my name. It is drink that has done it." After the inquest the coroner received no less than two hundred letters from fathers and mothers asking if there were any signs by which the body could be identified.

"Look not upon the wine." Avoid the first glass at any cost. A little fellow, who had been brought up a staunch teetotaler, was about to be apprenticed. The foreman offered him a glass of beer. The little fellow said, "I never touch that stuff!" "Hello, youngster," said the foreman, "we never have teetotalers here." "If you have me you'll have one," replied the boy. The foreman was irritated, and holding up the glass of beer he said, "Now, my boy, there's only one master here; you'll either have this inside or outside." The little fellow said, "Well, you can please yourself; I brought my clean jacket with me and a good character. You may spoil my jacket, but you sha'n't spoil my character."

Mrs. Ella Wheeler Wilcox writes these lines:

"There sat two glasses, filled to the brim,
On a rich man's table, rim to rim;
One was ruddy, and red as blood,
And one was as clear as the crystal flood.

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Said the glass of wine to his paler brother:
'Let us tell tales of the past to each other.
I can tell of banquet and revel and mirth,
Where I was king, for I ruled in might,
And the proudest and grandest souls of earth
Fell under my touch as though struck with blight
From the heads of kings I have torn the crown,
From the heights of fame I have hurled men down;
I have blasted many an honored name;
I have taken virtue and given shame;
I have tempted the youth with a sip, a taste,
Which has made his future a barren waste.
Far greater than any king am I,
Or than any army beneath the sky.
I have made the arm of the driver fail,
And sent the train from its iron rail;
I have made good ships go down at sea,
And the shrieks of the lost were sweet to me!
And all men say, 'How great is he!'
For strength, wealth, genius before me fall,
And my might and power are over all.'"

THE GOSPEL FOR ALL

(MISSIONARY)

Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature.—Mark 16. 15.

SOME people do not believe this text means what it says. In reference to it they quote:

“Me and my wife,
Our John and his wife—
Us four and no more.”

They think it has to do only with the city, state, or country in which they live. Thus they narrow, limit, and modify the gospel of Christ. They seek to take away its breadth, its sweep, and its almightiness.

This command has to do with Africa, India, China, and Japan as truly as it has to do with America. Read the text carefully. It does not read, “Go ye into all Philadelphia,” or “into all the state of Pennsylvania,” or “into all America or all Europe and preach the gospel to every creature.” When Christ said “*all the world*” he thought not of discrimination as to tongue, color, tribe, or race, but to “*all the world*” he sends the glad news of salvation.

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"The gospel," says one, "is like the crowding atmosphere, eager to push its way into every vacuum of life."

The Moravian Brotherhood leads the missionary force of the world. A humble people, smallest of all in figures, they are a mighty host in the world's redemption. They have one missionary for every fifty-eight members at home, and for every member in the churches at home they have two members in the congregations gathered among the heathen. Their missionary battle cry is, "To win for the Lamb that was slain the reward of his suffering." They have five memorial days, which they carefully observe. One is the Day of Prayer. On August 26, 1727, they set their great prayer vigil going. Twenty-four brethren and twenty-four sisters decided that they would keep up a continuous circle of prayer through the twenty-four hours of the day, each brother, each sister, in their own separate apartments accepting by lot the hour when they would pray.

Missionary work pays. Results are reached more quickly than at home. After fifty years of Methodist propaganda in the United States, with a success universally considered phenomenal, the number of members and probationers

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was 240,924—not as many by 3,448 as resulted from the same number of years in missionary effort.

We have now in the world 537 missionary societies; 16,000 foreign missionaries, with 75,000 native assistants; 5,000 mission stations and 22,000 out-stations; every nation open to Christ except Tibet; 1,500,000 foreign mission converts; over 2,500,000 additional adherents; 23,000 day schools, with more than a million pupils; 800 medical missionaries, with 1,000 hospitals; over 400 translations of the Bible; thousands ready and prepared to go to the mission fields.

Millions are dying in Christless despair; one hundred thousand every day. We must hurry with the gospel to every creature.

A missionary explained to a gathering how he came to enter the mission field. He said: "In coming home one night, driving across the vast prairie, I saw my little boy John hurrying to meet me; the grass was high on the prairie, and suddenly he dropped out of sight. I thought he was playing, and was simply hiding from me; but he didn't appear as I expected he would. Then the thought flashed across my mind, 'There's an old well there, and he has fallen in.' I hurried up to him, reached

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down in the well, and lifted him out; and as he looked up in my face, what do you think he said? 'O, papa, why didn't you hurry?' Those words never left me. They kept ringing in my ears until God put a new and deeper meaning into them, and bade me think of others who are lost, of souls without God and without hope in this world; and the message came to me as a message from the heavenly Father: 'Go, and work in my name;' and then from that vast throng a pitiful, despairing, pleading cry rolled into my soul as I accepted God's call: 'O, why don't you hurry?' "

When Miss Crawford went out to Shantung, in China, as she talked to the people one old lady began asking her some very intelligent questions. Said she:

"How long have you known this word about the Lord Jesus?"

"O, ever since I was a little girl."

"Did your mother know it?"

"Yes."

"Your grandmother?"

"Yes."

"How long have your people known about it?"

"About eighteen hundred years."

"Then why didn't you come before? My

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mother would like to know of it, and she is dead."

Let us hurry with the gospel, obeying the command of our text. If we cannot go ourselves let us help send another.

THE BOOKS WE WRITE

(NEW YEAR)

Of making many books there is no end.—Eccl. 12. 12.

WE are all writing books; books that are being read; books that are profusely illustrated. We write one book every year, with three hundred and sixty-five pages; occasionally we add an extra page.

The Rev. P. S. Henson says: "Every man is an author, and the book he is writing is his autobiography—not written like a pious diary, in which he may record a feeling that he does not feel, but that shall truthfully reveal all the secrets of his life and all the depths of his heart. Authors commonly have a chance to revise what they write, and the dainty poem or the magnificent oration has been recast a hundred times. But of this life record there shall be no revision."

When we speak of writing books, boys and girls think of Mrs. Stowe and her Uncle Tom's Cabin, or the Elsie Books, by Pansy. But every boy and girl is writing—writing a book at this time, in which are found their words and acts. And everybody who sees us reads the book.

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"Mother," said little Charlie, "Will Harnin says that his mother writes books? Is it very hard to write a book?"

"I don't know, I'm sure," said his mother.

"I'm going to write a book," said Charlie.

Just then the doorbell rang, and Charlie's mother went to see a caller. When she came back he was sitting on her footstool writing.

"Now, mother," said Charlie, "I'm done with my book."

"No, you are not done. God has given you a book to write. I hope that it is a long one, full of beautiful stories."

"What is the name of my book?" he asked.

"It's name is Charley's Life. You can write only one page a day, and you must be very careful not to make any black marks in it by doing ugly things. When you pout and cry, that smears your page; and when you help mother and don't quarrel with Robbie, that makes a nice page, with pretty pictures on it."

"When shall I be done writing that book?" asked Charlie.

"When God sees that it is long enough he will send an angel to shut its covers and put a clasp on it until the great day, when all our life books are opened and read."

Charlie sat very still for a while, and then

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said, softly, "Dear little Lucy finished writing her book when they put her in the white casket and laid the white roses over her."

"Yes," said the mother; "her life book was just a little hymn of praise to God. Its pages were clean and white, with no stains on them."

Let us keep the mean things out of our books. If we are careful of what we say and do, the books we write will be helpful to others.

Here are the names of two great books which have made the world rich:

John Howard. This writer was a celebrated philanthropist. His whole life was one of moral heroism, for he confronted every form of danger with the sole object of reforming prisoners.

Florence Nightingale. This fine specimen of noble womanhood left a rich and comfortable home, surrounded by admiring friends, to nurse the sick and wounded. She acquired a world-wide reputation by the service she rendered during the Crimean war, which broke out in 1854.

"A good book," said Milton, "is the life-blood of a master spirit." Let us write that kind of a book. Put into it our best and noblest, leaving out all else.

AN EASTER STORY

THE beautiful story which follows, under the caption, "The Picture that Was Refused," appeared long ago in the New York Christian Advocate:

Not one of the "lake road" dwellers would believe that the Philadelphia artist had bought that lonesome lot on the farthest corner of Jameson's farm. But orders came for new roofing and converting into a habitable summer dwelling the moss-grown loghouse that was hidden away in the old orchard, whose trees had almost forgotten to bear. Then, with the first opal tinting of spring, the artist and his wife came on, and began life so simply as to cause considerable comment.

"He aint no reg'lar-built painter," the store-keeper at the "cross-roads" decided. "Don't tell me no more that folks pay a thousand dollars for a square-yard picture of his'n. I know better.

The spring mellowed into summer, and the "lake road" dwellers learned to look for the great white umbrella, the easel, and the slightly bent figure, with its gentle face and silver-gray

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hair. Those who chatted with him found pleasant words to say both of him and of his sunny-faced wife, who was rarely far away from the spot where he was at work.

It was the wife who first discovered that the artist was shadowed by a lanky lad of about fourteen years. She did not speak to her husband of this, but questioned Jane Bentley, the woman whom the corner storekeeper had recommended as good to call on for day's work. Jane blushed when questioned, and finally stammered, "Why, it's Gabe—Gabe Bentley, my boy."

"Then we shall be interested in him;" and little by little the artist's wife learned that 'Siah Bentley—wagon, house, and sign painter—had been the reprobate of the lake region until his disappearance some years before, and that the boy, Gabriel, was breaking Jane's heart with inclination to follow in the footsteps of his father.

"You see, ma'am," said Jane, "I had to leave him when he was little, and go out by day's work. The boy aint so much to blame. If I could 'a' stayed to home and made it pleasant 'twould 'a' been different, for a boy needs his mother, you know." Then her face brightened. "But he's different since you came. He

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don't go off with the Hunt's Holler gang any more, and whenever I've been here he stays in all the evening and asks 'bout everything—your husband, the pictures, how the old house looks inside, and every word that I hear either of you say about painting or painters.”

“Why, I'm sure,” cried the artist's wife, “that he's the very one we need to do little things for us. Would he like to come?”

Jane could scarcely believe her ears. “O, yes; he'd be proud to do for you. He's handy, too, like his father.”

“Then tell him that we want him to-morrow. I'm so glad that we spoke of it.”

The next morning found the lanky boy at the door of the old loghouse just as the artist disappeared down the crooked little path.

“You are Gabriel Bentley, I'm sure,” said the artist's wife. “Come in and see how pretty the old place is, and look at the sketches my husband has made since he came here.”

Gabriel stepped carefully over the threshold. How attractive everything was! Rugs on the floor, tables strewn with books, and pictures everywhere.

“O, I know that one,” he cried, forgetting his shyness. “It's the hill road, just as you turn by Eldridge's farm. And that is the lake,

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before the awful storm when the lightning split our chestnut tree clean down the middle! And that—" he glanced toward the open fire, which had snapped loudly, and his eye caught a picture in a dull old frame over the fireplace.

He seemed not only to have lost his voice, but to have lost himself in wonder. Then he turned toward the artist's wife.

"Yes," she said, "my husband painted figures until certain disappointments drove him to nature. This was refused at the salon. He was young, and it nearly broke his heart. It is the Christ, you know."

"I've heard about him," said the youth. "I went to Sunday school a little, and mother she uster tell me 'bout him. But I never thought he looked like that."

All through the day the artist's wife noticed that Gabriel sought every opportunity to go near the picture, and at night he seemed loath to accept any money.

"'Twas worth mor'n I've done for you just to look at that," he said, as he held the shining dollar.

"I'm so glad you feel that way; but come to-morrow, won't you? I'm sure you'll be glad to help your mother while she's here, and let me go off on a tramp with my husband."

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From that day Gabriel gave himself, body and soul, to those two.

"You don't know what you're doing for Gabe," said Jane, with a little tremble in her voice. "He aint the same boy. He gives me every dollar you pay him, and he won't let me go nowhere else to work. It seems real good to stay to home, when I aint here, and do my own work, like a Christian."

Greatly to Gabriel's sorrow, the time drew near when the artist and his wife were to close the old house and return to the city for the winter. The boy stood sadly before the picture one day. He felt as if parting with a friend.

"It's just as if he was a real man, a-livin' of our life. This Christ aint dead. He's alive! I wish that mother 'n' I could buy it; but I s'pose we aint rich enough."

The heart of the artist was touched. This was worth more than a place in the salon. He wrote to Philadelphia, and one of the studies—made long ago for this very painting—was sent him. This he gave to Gabriel and his mother, and on the day that he went over to hang it for them he found their walls swept clean of everything, and autumn flowers in every corner of the room.

The winter passed, and the artist and his

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sunny-faced wife returned with the birds of spring to find that everybody on the "lake road" was wondering at the change in Gabriel Bentley. But Jane knew the secret. She told them, with tears in her eyes, that the picture had caused an Easter awakening in the heart of her boy.

Then the artist's wife slid her hand into that of her husband, whose heart was too full to permit him to speak. "I am the resurrection and the life," she quoted, "and we know, also, that Christ is the resurrection in this life."

THE FOURTH OF JULY

He loveth our nation.—Luke 7. 5.

THIS text is perfectly applicable to our country. We know that God loves our nation. We have greater prosperity and less of war than any other nation.

“The Fourth of July”—a birthday. Whose birthday? Our nation’s birthday? When was it born? July 4, 1776, when fifty-six great men signed the Declaration of Independence. They were comparatively young men, the average age being forty-four and a half years. There were only eight men over sixty years of age, the oldest being Benjamin Franklin, who had reached seventy years.

Do you want some proofs that God loves our nation? All right; here are a few:

We now have eighty millions of free citizens.

We have a public school system not equaled anywhere, in which are eighteen millions of children getting a free education.

We admit one million of the oppressed of other lands to our shores each year, and provide for them.

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We are a power standing foremost among the powers of the world.

We have a Protestant population of 50,000,000; 140,000 church edifices; 165,000 church organizations; 30,000,000 church members.

We enjoy the greatest liberty known to the world.

Did you ever hear of the Liberty Bell? Its home is in Philadelphia, but it takes trips to fairs and other places. What is the inscription on the bell? "Proclaim liberty throughout the land and to all the inhabitants thereof." No music is sweeter than the music which proclaims liberty throughout the land. So, many come to us for this civil and religious liberty.

Since God loves our nation and blesses it so wondrously, we should make our national birthday one of thanksgiving. Flags, illumination, speech-making, may all express the heart's praise. But noise, gunpowder, wounds, bruises, with a week or two in the hospital and, many times, a funeral, are not in harmony with the "Glorious Fourth." On an average, we have yearly in Philadelphia, ten deaths, seventy injured, and a fire loss of seventy thousand dollars on the Fourth of July.

Our nation is great, but our God is greater.

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"He made it, and his hands formed the dry land." May we be good American citizens, but better Christians.

"He loveth our nation," and he loves us as individuals.

THANKSGIVING

Let us come before his presence with thanksgiving.
—Psa. 95. 2.

WHILE every day should be to all people a day for thanksgiving, we have a national day, appointed by the President, set apart and known as "Thanksgiving Day." The first proclamation issued was by George Washington; date, October 3, 1789, New York city.

In New England the first Thanksgiving Day was observed by the colonists early in the seventeenth century. Since that time there have been many special days set apart for thanksgiving. During the civil war President Lincoln issued proclamations recommending a special thanksgiving for victory in 1862 and 1863, and a national proclamation of the annual Thanksgiving Day in 1863 and 1864. Since that time such a proclamation has been issued annually by the President, as well as the governors of states and mayors of the principal cities. Custom has fixed the time for the last Thursday in November.

Our text, "Let us come before his presence with thanksgiving," reminds us that we are

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always in his presence, and surely we should have thanksgiving in our hearts, because we are never without some favor of God's about us. Suppose we look around us and see the many things for which we should give thanks. Here they are: Life, this beautiful world, good parents, kind friends, and comfortable homes. Then there are the commoner blessings, such as water, air, sunshine, food, clothing, flowers, and an endless list of pleasures.

The saying of the little boy that "pins have saved many person's lives—by not swallowing them" has in it a thanksgiving hint. As we enumerate our blessings let us remember that God's providence has protected us from calamities, disease, war, plague, floods, famine, and many other things with which some have suffered.

Some people are never thankful for the good they have, because of the ill that might come.

"Some folks are so fond of trouble they can't enjoy honey for thinking of what might have happened if the bee had stung 'em."

But, to be more commonplace, we boys and girls should be thankful for having been born in this great land we call America. No other land is so blessed of God.

We should be thankful for the public schools.

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Every boy and girl has a liberal education within his reach, without money or price.

We should be thankful for the church and Sabbath school. Almost always within walking distance we may find the church of our choice. No greater blessing comes to us than that which radiates from God's church.

ROOM FOR JESUS

(CHRISTMAS)

There was no room in the inn.—Luke 2. 7.

THE parents of Jesus sought the inn at Jerusalem as a suitable birthplace for their Son, but they found it crowded. The stable, therefore, was sought, and in it our Saviour was born.

The only child we have heard of who was denied a place in which to be born.

No room for Christ in the world.

That is like saying there is:

No room in our home for the baby.

No room in the well for the water.

No room in the grove for the trees.

No room in the fields for the flowers.

What a mistake? So much needed, so little wanted!

What crowded Christ out? Sin.

What crowds Christ out to-day? Sin.

Then the conditions are not much changed. Jesus is still being crowded out.

No room for him in the modern inns of to-day—hotels, boarding houses, etc.

No room for him in politics. Not clean

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enough; and will not be cleansed. Men will not surrender their unlawful gains or share the profits of the office they are supposed to fill.

No room for him in business. Men do not want him as a partner; will not practice the Golden Rule; do not wish to give sixteen ounces to the pound or thirty-six inches to the yard.

No room for him in our play, our fun, recreation, and sport. We would have to be too honest in the games, too careful in keeping score.

No room for him in our homes. Have to be too pious; must take time to read the Bible and pray if he lives with us.

No room for him in our hearts. We have big hearts, but so much to put in them. If he is in, so much else is out. We must make room for Jesus, else we will be heathen; our town, city, country, and world will be heathen.

Little Hettie had a model village, and she never tired of setting it up.

"What kind of a town is that, Hettie?" asked her father.

"O, a Christian town," Hettie answered, quickly.

"Suppose we make it a heathen town," her father suggested. "What must we take out?"

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"The church," said Hettie, taking it to one side.

"Is that all?"

"I suppose so."

"No, indeed," her father said. "The public school must go. Take the public library out also."

"Anything else?" Hettie asked, sadly.

"Isn't that a hospital over there?"

"But, father, don't they have hospitals?"

"Not in heathen countries. It was Christ who taught us to care for the sick and the old."

"Then I must take out the Old Ladies' Home," said Hettie, very soberly.

"Yes, and that Orphans' Home at the other end of the town."

"Why, father," Hettie exclaimed, "then there's not one good thing left! I would not live in such a town for anything!"

Does having room for Jesus make so much difference?

Let us make room for Jesus this glad Christmas everywhere!

"O come to my heart, Lord Jesus!

There is room in my heart for thee;

O come to my heart, Lord Jesus, come!

There is room in my heart for thee."

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